







Old Paxton Church as built in 1740. Taken about 1867. Mr. William S. Rutherford and Mr. James Elder under the ancient oak; the pastor, Mr. Mitchell, stands by the south door.

HISTORIC PAXTON

HER DAYS AND HER WAYS

1722-1913

FAMILY RECIPES

*Contributed by The Woman's Aid Society
of Paxton Church*

EDITED WITH HISTORICAL SKETCHES BY
HELEN BRUCE WALLACE

II

"What is to come we know not: But we know
That what has been was good."



PRIVATELY PRINTED

1913

BX9211
P25W3

COPYRIGHT, 1913
WOMAN S AID SOCIETY
PAXTON CHURCH

\$.75

FEB 14 1914

©CL A362577

201

CONTENTS

Her Days

I. WHAT'S IN A NAME	13
II. THE CHURCH THROUGH THE YEARS	17
III. MEMOIR OF PARSON ELDER BY HIS SON THOMAS	29
IV. THE OLD GRAVEYARD	35
V. THE MANSE	43
VI. THE SCHOOL HOUSE	49
VII. PAXTON—MOTHER OF HEROES	57
VIII. THE FIGHTING PARSON	67
IX. COPY OF PARSON ELDER'S COMMISSION AS COLONEL	79
X. MEMORIES OF PAXTON CHURCH DURING EIGHTY YEARS	83
XI. THE COMMUNION SERVICE OF EARLIER YEARS ..	95
XII. MONOGRAPHS ON THE MINISTRY	99
XIII. DERRY—OUR SISTER CHURCH	127

Her Ways

I. BREADS OF VARIOUS KINDS	145
II. MEAT AND OYSTER DISHES	149
III. VEGETABLES	155
IV. SALADS AND SALAD DRESSINGS	159
V. PIES	165
VI. DESSERTS	170
VII. CAKE	179
VIII. SMALL CAKES	190
IX. PICKLES AND PRESERVES	195
X. CANDIES	200
XI. MISCELLANEOUS	204
XII. FOR FAMILY EMERGENCIES	210
XIII. PROFITABLE POULTRY KEEPING	221
XIV. PLANNING THE COUNTRY GARDEN	225

"Go, little book, God send thee good passage and specially let this be thy prayer, unto them all that thee will read or hear, where thou art wrong, after their help to call, thee to correct in any part, or all."

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

A FOREWORD

Last summer one of the members of our Woman's Aid was in a quaint, century-old New England church, carefully preserved and held in deep reverence by the people because of its antiquity. "You do not seem very much impressed," said the guide. "It is most interesting," replied our loyal churchwoman, "but I go to a church back in Pennsylvania that is a hundred and seventy-three years old and whose people have made history."

That was the beginning of this little book.

To belong to historic old Paxton is a privilege that we of the older generation realize. We are close enough to the first settlers that even yet our oldest church member can say, "My father's father was one of Parson Elder's flock, and well recalled his boyish awe each Sabbath morning as the austere old man walked solemnly from the log 'retiring house' to the church, his fingers in his sermon book, his eyes fixed straight ahead, and no word or glance of greeting for the respectful congregation gathered before the door to do him reverence."

But how is it with the children and the newcomers? Those days and ways are but a memory, we fear a dim one, to many who attend old Paxton to-day. We take its age for granted, if we give a thought to it or to our wonderful heritage of staunch old Presbyterians and Pennsylva-

nians who worshipped here, often at the risk of life. Brave, God-fearing men they were, who found time amidst their grievous work of breaking virgin forest and protecting their homes from the lurking savage, to build a church in the wilderness; and loving, capable, home-making women, not too worn with their brewing, butchering, cooking, spinning and scrubbing to rear their children in the Christian faith according to the stern tenets of John Calvin.

Lest we forget those by-gone men and women whose faith and works have made us what we are, we speed this little book on its way, that our children and our children's children may take pride in old Paxton, and find in its history inspiration to cling to the old beliefs for which our fathers died—harder yet, lived, through long years of stress.

Besides our reverence for the church of our fathers we have a heritage of mothers who were famous cooks. In considering the form of this memorial came the thought, "Let us link with the historic lore of old Paxton Church the rules and recipes that have made an invitation to our church picnics and receptions coveted by the countryside.

We do not claim that there is any crying need for a new recipe book: we do claim that a book which has collected the noted recipes of the Rutherfords and Elders, famed through many generations for delicious cooking, it will be a rare privilege to own. They are born cooks, these women of Paxton; and the born cook is

as loath to pass on her recipes as is the doting father to give up an only daughter to her lover. Not that this born cook of ours, like the colored mammies, fears to be "overlooked" if she explains how her delicacies are prepared; she only dreads the fate of her pet dishes in less skillful hands. But what loyal member of old Paxton would not make sacrifices for her church! Here we have published for the first time many long-coveted culinary secrets, not alone of these families of gifted cooks, but of all the good cooks and housewives in our Woman's Aid.

And we promise these rules are reliable. We are not as the old family servant who, asked by a friend of her mistress to give her recipe for a lemon ice cream, added to it "one large tablespoonful of salt put in when half frozen." When upbraided by her mortified mistress for treachery, she said, "La, Honey, it wa'ant neighborly not to guv it, but I wa'ant gwine to have that no-count cook of hers, messin' up my best ice cream, an' bragging' 'Dis am Dinah Jones' rule.'"

Every recipe in this book is a long tested one, and as economical as it is practical. We send them forth hoping they will help to make cooks and housewives in a day when, no longer, every girl child learns to "keep house" almost from her mother's knee.

But the best of cooks must occasionally consider the rest of her household ways. Not all of us are as gifted as the lordly woman who declared, "I never have any trouble keeping house. With system everything runs itself." Most of us

know what it is to have "everything" run amuck. For these times when our "best laid plans gang agley" we have added a section for family emergencies.

Instead of bemoaning the high cost of living the clever woman sets herself to outwit it. She learns not only to cook appetizingly and economically; to stretch her income by home contrivances and home remedies; but she becomes a producer herself. She may not be able to raise cattle; she can raise chickens and laugh at the "frightful price" of eggs and poultry. One of the members of our Woman's Aid is a most successful poultry keeper. What one woman has done others can do: and we have shown the way to do it.

"God Almighty first planted a garden" and women have been finding much good in it ever since. If you do not know what even a tiny patch of flowers, raised by yourself, means for tired brains, over wrought nerves, despondent hearts, it is time you learn. Nor is it ever too late to begin. Herein you discover how a young woman of eighty summers runs a wonderful garden. She has been good enough to tell exactly how she does it, that every woman—or man either—who will, may find joy in a garden too.

"A man will turn over half a library, to make one book": a woman will turn over the library, but she will also go to her friends. Right here I would thank all the good friends who have made this little book possible: the Committee of the Woman's Aid—Mrs. A. P. L. Dull, Miss Mary S.

Rutherford, Miss Isabella Rutherford—for their hearty co-operation and encouragement; Rev. Edwin M. Mulock, for his untiring interest and helpful suggestions; Mrs. John Elder for her photograph of Parson Elder's "mansion"; Miss Lizzie Rutherford, for her vivid memories of fourscore years; Mr. R. M. Goho, for the photographs of old Paxton he so kindly took for us; and each and every member of Paxton Church who has given advice or information.

But there are others, farther afield, not members of Paxton Church, who have been friends in need. On behalf of the committee and personally, I would thank Miss Egle, Miss Margaret Rutherford, Mr. S. B. Boude, Mr. Henry M. Gross and Mr. Albert Cook Myers for their generous help in adding color to this simple narrative of Paxton's by-gone years.

All we ask for it, this our little book of other days and ways, is that it may make every loyal child of old Paxton Church realize his rich inheritance:

"I have but marked the place,
But half the secret told,
That following this slight trace
Others may find the gold."

HELEN BRUCE WALLACE.

Harrisburg, October, 1913.

HISTORIC PAXTON

Her Days

1722—1913

“There is no book so poor that it would not be a prodigy if wholly wrought out by a single mind without the aid of prior investigators.”

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Paxton does not live alone in that narrow and beautiful valley. Much of her best life is scattered through the States and Territories of the Union, and, thank God, a great deal of it is employed in the service of holy immortality.—*Sesqui-Centennial Letter*, 1890,

REV. THOMAS H. ROBINSON, D.D.

I

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

If you would start an argument as lasting as it is tense, spell the name of our beloved church Paxtang, or call the village in which it lies Paxton.

What's in a name? In this case long years of discussion over two small letters in the title of our church. As the difference of opinion will doubtless go on to the end of time, let us state facts and reserve decisions.

In one of the oldest records extant we read of the "Township of Peshtank, beginning at the mouth of the Suatarro," peshtank being an Indian word for a small stream. On a map of Lancaster County drawn in 1730 we find the Township of Peshtank, and in the same year, John Lawrence, of Peshtank, brings suit in the courts.

When in June, 1709, Lieutenant Governor Evans with his retinue came up into Lancaster County—then including Dauphin—to visit the Indian settlement near the Susquehanna, he spells the name of this Indian village "Peixtan" in his diary. But as he also writes "Sasquehannagh," he can scarcely be considered an authority.

Governor Penn in a letter written in 1730 speaks of the death of a white man near Pextan. Three years later we find James Magraw writing

a letter to Paextan; while John Harris in a deposition to Council puts it Peixtang, and John Forster sends in a petition about the "road thru Pextang."

Almost all the petitions about the roads from 1737 to 1750 give Pextang. In 1756 we read of a council about Indians in the home of John Harris in Pextany Township; and the year following there is a petition about abandoning Fort Hunter from the "Inhabitants of Pextang."

In 1754 John Harris writes a letter to the Governor from Paxton, though he did put "Excuse blunders" in parentheses after his signature, and later in the year he sends a petition from the "Inhabitants of Pextang."

In this same year 1754 we find the call to Parson Elder signed by the "Congregation of Paxton"; a deed from Henry Foster et ux and Joseph Kelso et ux to Thomas Rutherford of Paxtang; and the deed of the glebe from Henry Foster et ux to the Congregation of John Elder, with the "congregation of Paxtang" in the body of the deed.

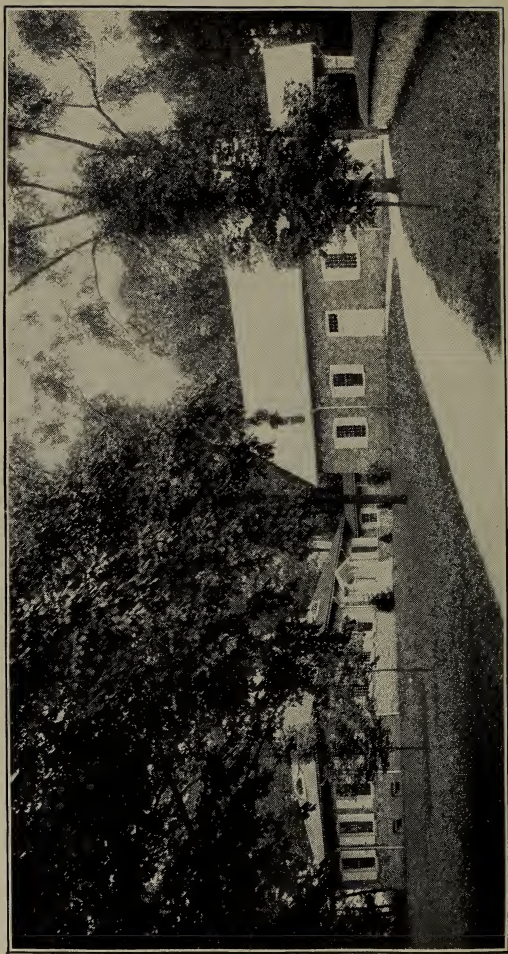
Paxton first appears in the Colonial Records in a deposition to Council in 1744, though on the church records it is found fully twelve years earlier. It seems to have been used interchangeably with Pextang and Paxtang; cutting out the various wierd spellings like Paxtown, Paextan and Piextang. In 1755 we find Dr. Boude of Lancaster forwarding a letter from John Elder of Paxton, and in 1757 Derry sends a petition against the the "inroads of ye enemy into Pax-

ton & Hanover.” From the formation of Dauphin County in 1785 Paxton is used much more frequently. Never once, in any record, however, appears anything but “The Paxton Boys.”

Curiously, many private letters from 1750 to 1780 gives us another change—“Paxting.”

According to a great-grandchild of Parson Elder, no other name but Paxton was ever spoken or written in the family recollection. The Elders, it may be said in passing, came from “Paxton House,” Scotland.

Not once, however, from the very first page of the minutes of Donegal Presbytery in 1732, or in those of Carlisle Presbytery, has this church been known as anything but Paxton. With ecclesiastical authority to back us, we can calmly let the storm rage. Are we not Scotch-Irish, therefore, “sot in our way” however critics and geographers rant. If Presbytery says “Paxton”—Paxton Church of Paxtang Village we will remain until the end of time.



The Church To-day. Porte-cochere added, 1900; Chapel, 1905.

II

THE CHURCH THROUGH THE YEARS

Just when the congregation of Paxton was first formed is not definitely known. Most of the old records are lost or inaccessible, but as the first settlers in this part of the valley were with one exception Scotch-Irish from Ulster, it stands to reason that a church building was soon erected. A rough limestone grave marker bearing the date 1716, with graves of the pioneers about it, was to be seen near the present sight of the church up to 1820; thus, the old log church, known to have been standing in 1722, was probably erected about that time.

There was a congregation here in 1732, as the first business before the Presbytery of Donegal, organized in that year, was to consider the call of Rev. William Bertram to Paxton and Derry. Before that we find complaints in no less than five meetings of New Castle Presbytery because Derry and Paxton are in arrears in the salary of Rev. James Anderson.

The old log church stood about twenty feet in front of the present building; its traditional site where grows the walnut tree just opposite the south door. Miss Lizzie Rutherford well remembers the marks of excavation at that spot.

To this log structure, in 1738, came Rev. John Elder, that famous man of God who was a marked figure in the early history of Pennsylvania, and whose history during the fifty-two years of his pastorate at Paxton is that of the church. The power of the man was soon felt and he probably occupied the old log church but two years, as his flock had outgrown it.

Again, mystery surrounds the beginnings of our church. The first actual mention of the stone building in which we worship to-day is in the deed of the glebe from the Foster heirs to the congregation in 1754. But we have seemingly conclusive authority for our date 1740 from a son of Parson Elder, Thomas Elder, a brilliant lawyer of Harrisburg, who, in 1852, as an old man at the funeral of his life-long friend, Mrs. Sarah Rutherford, wife of William Rutherford, told Captain Rutherford that he had often heard his father say the walls were built in 1740.

The stone building erected at that time was just as it stands to-day, almost untouched by the storms of one hundred and seventy-three years. It is the oldest Presbyterian church, now in use, in Pennsylvania, and the second oldest in the United States, the other being Rehoboth Church, Somerset County, Maryland, built in 1706. We do well to hold it in high honor.

The church, with its thick walls and graceful proportions, 36x66 feet, is built of irregular limestones, which are held together by mortar now as hard as the stones themselves: there was no shoddy workmanship in those days. We find in

one of the records of the Harris family that the first John Harris contributed most of the stones for this building. Both of the Harrises, father and son, were warm friends of Parson Elder and supporters of Paxton church, though Episcopalians.

There were three entrances to the church, one at each end, with a window to either side of it, and the present south door, with its two windows to each side. On the north wall there were at first four windows, with a small one above the pulpit, which was later closed. This pulpit stood against the north wall high above the heads of the congregation. An aisle led to it from the south door and there was another aisle east and west. Rafters took the place of the present ceiling.

The church was built in a period of religious stress when the congregation was rent with "Old Side" and "New Side" disputes. It later split into two separate churches because of these differences, so that Mr. Elder was pastor of the "Old Side" followers of Derry and Paxton, while Rev. John Roan was at the same time head of the "New Side" factions of the two congregations. This split in the church, which caused untold bitterness for years, weakened churches, divided families, drove Parson Elder into the Presbytery of Philadelphia from 1768 until Paxton became part of the newly formed Carlisle Presbytery in 1786, was not one of creeds but of methods. It grew out of the revival of George Whitefield in 1739, whose preaching caused religious excite-

ment that seemed menacing and unorthodox to the practical old Covenanters. Needless to say, Parson Elder was one of the staunchest supporters of the "Old Side."

Owing to these disputes, which reduced alike the congregation and the parson's salary, the interior of the church was unfinished for several years, and without floors or pews. Tradition has it that the congregation sat on logs, excepting the honored family of the pastor, who had a settee. Some of the younger Elders must have taken to the log as well, as there were fifteen of them, and the settee, which was left to Thomas Elder and came down to his descendants, was not very long. When the floor, later laid, was taken up in 1887, the ground beneath it was hard and smooth, worn so by the feet of the early worshippers.

There was no legal title to the church until 1754, when the "Old Side" people of Derry left that church and joining with the "Old Side" in Paxton issued a call to Rev. John Elder, though he had been preaching in the old stone meeting house for years. This document now hangs in a lower room of the Dauphin County Historical Society. Among its one hundred and twenty-eight signers we find the names of Thomas Rutherford, John Harris, Robert Snodgrass, Thomas Forster, James Wallace, John McCormick, David Walker, William Kerr, Matthew Cowden and other bulwarks of Presbyterianism in this county.

In 1789 we note the first repairs "for the lay-

ing of alleys in the Paxtang meeting house." Among the contributors are the names of Elder, Rutherford, Cowden, Crouch, Walker, Wilson, Gray and many others who continued to be generous supporters of the church for generations. These "alleys" were doubtless wooden aisles or sections of the flooring.

Again, in 1808, "the meeting house" was repaired to the extent of enclosing the rafters with a ceiling of yellow pine and building a pine partition at each end of the church. Doubtless this was done to make the decreasing congregation seem less "lost." Pews were left standing in the western vestibule, which had a dirt floor and a brick passage, and its windows always shut, and remained within the memory of our present oldest parishioner, Miss Lizzie Rutherford. At the same time two huge ten-plate wood stoves were placed in the long aisle. Again Miss Lizzie well remembers the smoke which used to ascend to the loft. Just how the congregation kept warm before the era of these stoves is unknown. It was not a day of pampered Presbyterians; doubtless they shivered through two long sermons each Sabbath.

This is the church as Miss Rutherford first saw it, when as a child, she drove seven miles to church from her home near the mountains. There have been five changes in the interior within her recollection. As first seen, the ceiling was painted white and the pews on the north side of the church were built east and west, facing the pulpit, which was just opposite the

south door; those on either side of this door also faced the pulpit, being set due north.

The first change Miss Lizzie remembers was made in the interim between Mr. Boggs and Mr. Mitchell, in 1847. The interior was entirely torn out, the western partition removed, that door walled up and a new pulpit placed in front of it at a much lower elevation than the old one on the north wall. This old pulpit, in use since Parson Elder's time, was of walnut and parts of it are yet cherished by members of the congregation, being made into boxes of various kinds. The small window behind the pulpit was walled up; the ceiling and walls plastered for the first time, and the wood stoves exchanged for two coal stoves, whose pipes joined to form a wing that they might enter the chimney, then first built. The roof was resingled, and a wooden floor laid over the whole building.

The seating was completely changed at this time and new pews ordered. Formerly each family had built and owned its own pew and there was no uniformity. They were not even on the same level, those nearest the wall being a step higher than the rest. The new pews were straight wooden ones, painted white, with high back and mahogany rail. Very picturesque we would think them to-day, though they may have merited their reputation of being "fearful to sit in." Two short banks of "amen" pews were placed in the western corners facing the pulpit on each side.

A carpet was first bought in the early part of

Mr. Mitchell's regime; also green Venetian blinds for the windows.

The next change was made at the instigation of the choir, which had taken the place of over a century of precentors. The singers grew tired of sitting in the front pew and a gallery was built for them over the vestibule at the east end, with stairs leading to it from the northwest corner of the vestibule. Here pews were placed and the first melodeon, played by Miss Jennie Rutherford, now Mrs. Samuel Dickey. This alteration was made during the pastorate of Mr. Mitchell in 1858.

The third change, also made in Mr. Mitchell's time in 1867, was more one of seating arrangement than of anything else. The congregation had grown steadily smaller and as the young people took to sitting in the gallery, the audience room was pitifully empty. To correct this, a square, box-like gallery was built for the choir on the ground floor against the eastern partition. A new melodeon was bought at this time. Two aisles were made instead of the central one and four coal stoves were put in, one in each corner, several of the "amen" pews being removed to accommodate them. "Good and warm were those of us who sat in the end of the choir box between those two stoves," reminisced Miss Lizzie, "while those in the middle nearly froze." The rest of the pews were arranged in a solid, central tier of double pews from in front of the "choir box" to the pulpit. Against the walls were tiers of short

pews running in the same direction, those on the left side divided by the aisle at the south door.

The fourth change was made in 1887 and 1888, when the church interior assumed its present form. Again everything was torn out, the window openings, formerly plastered, were faced with oak and an oak wainscoting added, while new pews and pulpit of oak were bought. The walls were frescoed for the first time, tinted a soft gray with red border. The central aisle was resumed. The gallery and stairs leading to it were abandoned, the "choir box" removed and the choir brought up to its present curtained nook in the southwest corner. A new organ, the first ever owned and still in use, was presented to the church by Mrs. Artemas Wilhelm. A small library was boarded off in the southern corner of the vestibule and a cloak room built at the other side. The only change to the exterior is the building of the porte cochere in 1900, presented by Mrs. James Boyd.

Very proud were we of these changes back in the "eighties"; but we were mid-Victorian in our taste those days. There are many who sigh for the old historic interior and can sympathize with a lady of whom Miss Lizzie tells: She had lived abroad for years, always with a longing for old Paxton, and made a special trip to Harrisburg to see it. When the pastor, proud of his renovated church, opened the south door, she took one look and turned away instantly, saying, regretfully, "Oh, you've modernized it! I don't want to see it."

Curiously enough, the church never had any lights, as evening services were never held. They were not put in at the time of renovations; but several years later, Mr. Williamson wishing to hold evening church, two chandeliers for coal oil lamps were installed over the center aisle, with brackets for single lamps on the side walls. This was done by subscription and the choir paid for those in their enclosure. The old building was first lighted June 11, 1892.

The fifth and last change was made as recently as 1905, when the partition was moved back the depth of one window, adding two rows of pews to the church proper. There was no longer need for a large vestibule, where in the old days supper tables were spread for meetings of Presbytery; the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. James Boyd, to whom the church already owed many gifts, made possible a separate building for Sunday School and social purposes. The northwest window was changed to a door leading to the passage to the new annex; the walls were frescoed green, a handsome green velvet carpet laid, and electric lights installed.

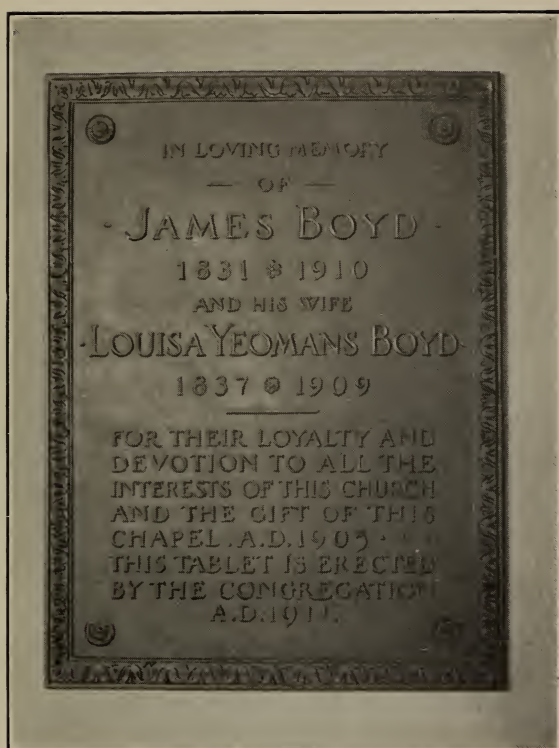
In 1905, the chapel building was erected by Mr. and Mrs. James Boyd and has proved a blessing to the growing congregation. It is a beautiful copy of early Colonial architecture, developed in irregular limestones similar to those in the church, and connected with it by a passage way in which are the session room and lavatory. This building was planned with special regard to preserving the outline of the old church, since

there were some who feared the historic edifice might be overshadowed by the glory of the wing.

The interior is charming in its simplicity of decoration and line. With its large Sunday School and prayer meeting room to the left of the wide central hall, with the Primary Sunday School room at the end, and the library, kitchen and pantry to the right, it meets every need of a progressive modern church, which Paxton has become.

This building was presented to the congregation with impressive dedicatory ceremonies, July 30, 1905. Mr. Pickard presided, Rev. George S. Chambers, D.D., made the address, Rev. Ellis N. Kremer, D.D., read the Scripture lesson, and there were prayers by Rev. Harry B. King and Rev. William B. Cooke, of Steelton. The choir was augmented by singers from the Pine Street Presbyterian Church, the winter church of the Boyd family. Later the keys of the Chapel were handed over to the congregation by John Yeomans Boyd on behalf of his parents, and accepted by J. Q. A. Rutherford, president of the board of trustees.

In 1911, a bronze memorial tablet was erected by the congregation in honor of James and Louisa Yeomans Boyd, who in the few years since their generous gift to Paxton Church had both passed into the great beyond. This tablet, which is placed on the right wall of the chapel hall, was unveiled and dedicated Sunday, December 31, 1911, with addresses by Dr. A. Woodruff Halsey and Mr. Mulock. Both of these close



Memorial Tablet on Chapel Wall.

friends of the donors were strong and touching in their appreciation of the debt Paxton owes to Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, whose memory will ever be cherished, not alone in bronze, but in the hearts of those who worked with them for old Paxton, which they both loved long and served well.

The last change was made in 1912, when a new stone chimney was built on the north side of the church and a new furnace installed, for which the James Boyd Men's Class contributed \$311.

Originally the church owned a tract of about twenty acres of land, whose length was nearly three times its breadth. This property was held until about 1850, when all but the present tract of eight acres was sold. When Paxtang village was laid out in streets, a trade was made with the company developing the land, to straighten up our line and remove certain angles on the south, west and north side. This leaves a square grove, with the church about the centre and the manse in the southeast corner, connecting with the old grave yard, which lies midway between them, by a long wooden footbridge over a deep depression in the intervening land. New trees were planted in the grove in 1897 to replace the old ones, which were beginning to die, though the giant oaks, which have survived for centuries to be the pride of present-day Paxton, still flourish healthily. A hedge of Tartarian honeysuckle was planted round the church property in 1899 and 1900 and has grown well, even through the rigorous winter of 1911.

The old log church, abandoned in 1740, was used by the pastor as a study for years. Later, it was either torn down or removed to nearly the site of the present chapel, as we read of a "retiring house" being built toward the close of Parson Elder's pastorate. This was the house occupied by the school from the time of the Revolution down to 1839, and not the original log church building, as has often been claimed.

III

MEMOIR OF PARSON ELDER

By His Son, Thomas Elder

We are fortunate to publish for the first time a curious and interesting sketch of Parson Elder, belonging to Mr. S. Bethel Boude, one of the three living great-grandchildren of Rev. John Elder, and written for his mother by her father, then an old man of eighty. This little paper, yellowed with age, is doubtless the most authentic life of a great man about whom many conflicting stories have been published; even the country of his birth has been disputed, as Sprague says he was born in County Antrim, and Dr. Egle in Edinburgh. It is printed just as written by the late Thomas Elder, a prominent lawyer of Harrisburg.

1847	{	Facts furnished by Thomas Elder, who is now over 80 years old.
July 19th		Facts relating to the life of the Rev ^d John Elder dec ^d , this day obtained from a reliable source.

Rev^d. John Elder was born in Scotland in the year 1706. Received a Classical education at Edinburg & graduated in Edinburg College. He subsequently studied Divinity there & received License to preach the Gospel. During this time his father & family with many others fled from the persecutions in Scotland to the North of Ireland, and his father took up his residence in the County of Antrim, not far from Lough Neagh.

After the Son became a licensed Preacher, he visited his father and family in Ireland. When with them on this visit He saw what disgusted Him with the Government. He would not brook or endure the reckless and unfeeling treatment of those in Power to the People,—Stewarts & their understrappers were perfect Tyrants. He saw the degradation his father & family were obliged to submit to, therefore, determined on freedom, concluded at once to migrate to North America & shipped a few days afterwards for Phil^a., where he landed & came to Lancaster County.

He received a call from a numerous class of People forming a Congregation in Paxton. He accepted the Call & as the Pastor of the Paxton Congregation was ordained in 1738 by the Presbytery of Donegal. So settled down he sent for his Father & family & brought them from Ireland & settled them in Paxton.

A short time after this the Reverend Mr. Bart-
raim who was Pastor of the Derry Congregation died—these two Congregations were adjoining each other, and Derry Congregation was given in Charge to Mr. Elder, thereby seriously encreasing his labors—He was blessed with an excellent constitution & perseveringly industrious—He continued to discharge his clerical duties in both those Congregations with moderation, fidelity & reputation until a short time of his death in 1792.

During Mr. Elder's ministry the Whitefield Excitements took a wide spread over the Presbyterian Church—Many left Mr. Elder in Paxton & in Derry—The new Lights erected a Church in

Paxton & one in Derry—A Mr. Roan officiated in these two churches for the new lights.—the fever heat of these New Lights soon began to cool and abate—One after another of these religious fanatics, returned—their Churches rotted down—their very foundations are not to be seen—*they live only in memory*—Mr. Elder was often heard to say, that among the many Blessings bestowed upon him, by the Giver of all Good, the return of these People to his Churches again, during his life, was among the greatest—He humbled himself before Almighty God for his merciful guidance through these severe trials, & that now his sore afflictions were healed by heavenly Love.

After Mr. Elder was settled in Paxton (then a frontier Country) the Northern Indians were very troublesome to the early Settlers—they frequently committed savage cruelties upon the Inhabitants by murdering & scalping whole families—these scenes always were acted in the Summer Season, causing whole settlements to fly to distant parts from danger—but in the winter Season would return in safety. There were two Summers when every man who attended Paxton Church carried his Rifle with him—Mr. Elder also took his—What a sight to see the Reverend Minister from the Session House to the Church Door, carrying his rifle—then ascend the Pulpit with his Bible in one hand & Rifle in the other—sets his Rifle down beside him, while he preaches the cause of Christ & performs divine Service.

After the death of Mr. Elder his Executors (four in number) were about to place a Tomb

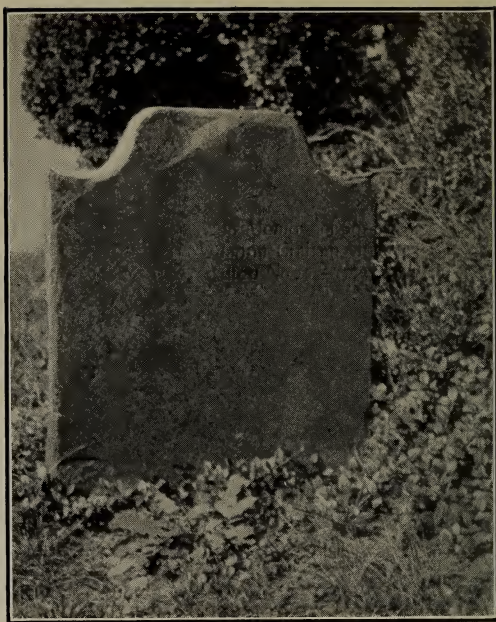
Stone over his grave in Paxton Graveyard, a person came forward with a request that he might be permitted to inscribe an Epitaph for the Stone—the request was agreed to unanimously—that Person was the Hon. William Maclay, Member of the Senate of the U. States—a talented man, well educated & a gentleman of high standing in Penn^a—on the Marble Slab in Paxton Graveyard the Epitaph is inscribed as follows

The Body
of
The late Reverend John Elder
lies inter'd under this Slab
He departed this life
July 17th 1792
Aged 86 years.
Sixty years he filled the sacred Character
of
A Minister of the Gospel
Fifty-six of which he officiated
in Paxton
The practice of piety seconded the Precepts
which he taught, and a most exemplary
life, was the best Comment on the Christian
Religion.

In the early part of his Ministry in Paxton the Northern Indians under French influence were every Season committing the most horrid murders—the early Settlers had small improvements with little stock—and this their little all they were frequently obliged to abandon—the Government was at length induced to raise protection for these unfortunate People by the erection of a line of Forts on the frontier—these forts

were established at the south side of the Blue Mountains beginning at Hunter's Fort on the Susquehanna & extending thence to Schuylkill, Lehigh etc.—at these Stations Scouting Parties were kept constantly in motion for the protection of the Inhabitants, leaving sufficient force in the Forts for garrison duty.

July 11th, 1763, the Rev^d John Elder was appointed by the Gov^t. to the Command of this Service with the Commission of Colonel—the duties he performed with fidelity & skill & to the entire satisfaction of the Gov^t until hostilities ceased by the Treaty at Fort Stanwix. During all this time he also attended with care to his pastoral Duties in the Paxton & Derry Congregations.



One of Many Quaint Markers.



The Old Graveyard, Seen from the Manse.

IV

THE OLD GRAVEYARD

"I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets."—*Edmund Burke.*

In their quiet resting place close by the old church lie men and women who have made history. They were no weaklings, those Elders, Harrises, Maclays; those Rutherfords, Gilchristes, Espys and Wallaces; those McClures, McArthurs, McKinneys and McEwens; those Kirkpatrickes, Mehargues and Calhouns; those Awls, Alexanders, Biggers, Fultons, Grays, Grouches, Jordans, Kearsleys, Keans, Simpsons, Wiggins and Walkers; those Cowdens, Dorrances, Galaughers, Hayes, Kuhns, Whitleys, Whitehills and Wilsons. Without those brave untiring men and women, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians for the most part, who lie within this ancient burial ground, civilization in this valley would have been retarded for generations.

From those forefathers who sleep beneath their worn stones in the old walled enclosure have sprung ministers and elders, skilled farmers, statesmen, warriors and teachers, men of affairs and men of science, women who are a power in the twentieth century battle for the right. They stood for God and education, those brave men and strong, loyal women. We should take just

pride in them, for were they not the bulwark of a nation in the making.

The old graveyard has a history it is not well to forget. The early settlers buried their dead anywhere in the clearing to the south and south-east of the church; the graves seldom marked for fear of raiding Indians, were soon neglected; and when fencing and gravestones came they were too irregular to make proper care possible. Therefore, in 1792, the congregation enclosed those graves marked by stones or fences with a stone wall, most of which still stands, testimony to an age when shoddy work was not tolerated. The ground within the graveyard had been practically buried over once, in some places twice, before the wall was built.

In 1819 a new shingle roof was put on the wall, with Matthew Humes as contractor. By the middle of the century, as it was impossible to dig another grave, the old south wall was taken down in 1852; the graveyard was enlarged by ninety feet and laid out in lots and a new wooden top put on the entire wall. This remained intact until 1882, when another wooden roof was added to the wall, the last to be built, for the trustees, grown very modern, in 1908 gave the old wall a new cement headress and pointed the stones black, so that the historic old graveyard took on a most spruced-up air. At this time the grounds were extended to the road on the south end. The picturesque red cap on white stones can still be seen on the eastern wall, to show how our ancestors made fences.

The last important change in the wall was the erection in 1906 by the Harrisburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of graceful, wrought-iron gates and bronze tablet, a memorial to the men of Paxton who fought for their country in the Indian, Colonial and Revolutionary wars. These gates were dedicated with impressive ceremonies on October 6, 1906, amid many descendants of the brave soldiers, and of their fellow churchmen whose homes and church and lives had been saved by soldierly daring and patriotism.

Within those gates rest men famous in the annals of State and Nation. In the northern end we find buried in one grave Parson Elder, his daughter Grizzel, and the two Marys who were his loving helpmates in fifty-two years' service at Paxton. Near by are his warm friends, William Maclay, first United States Senator from Pennsylvania, and John Harris, the founder of Harrisburg, and son of the John Harris who lies buried by the river bank in Harrisburg.

Toward the center is the monument erected by their descendants to Thomas Rutherford and his wife Jean Murdah, whose charms led him from Ireland to America in 1729, to become the progenitor of long generations of loyal members of old Paxton Church. This stone also commemorates their soldier sons, Captain John Rutherford and Lieutenant Samuel Rutherford, heroes of the Revolutionary War.

Within this historic spot are to be found Alexander Stewart and his wife, Mary Dinwiddie,

sister of the famous Governor of Virginia, and the Fultons, close kin to the inventor of the steamboat. Here, too, is the quaint, urn-shaped monument of the Simpson family, among the first whites to settle in Paxtang. General John Kean, one of the first settlers of Harrisburg and an early judge of Dauphin County lies buried here, as also do the sons-in-law of Mr. Maclay, Dr. John Hall and William Wallace, the latter first president of the old Harrisburg Bank.

Among the graves of those who are numbered among the great of this land are two interesting time-worn stones in the northeast corner, where lie a mother and son, Lucy and George Lorrett, for many years faithful slaves in the Crouch family and in that of their son-in-law, Benjamin Jordan. Lucy died at the ripe age of a hundred years, while George, widely known through the valley as "King George," was the last slave to be owned in Dauphin County, as he would never accept the freedom offered him repeatedly by his master. In this same corner rest another old slave, George Washington, who came North in 1865 with the Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry and ninety-year-old Dinah, the faithful colored mammy to several generations of young Cowdens.

It links us closely with the past to stand reverently in this peaceful home of the dead, with its weeping willow in one corner and its patch of myrtle happily left when progress decreed its uprooting, and read the quaint epitaphs and quainter names to be found on the weather-

beaten stones. It is the fashion to smile at the ways of our mothers, those Grizzels, Abigails, Priscillas and Marthas, but what wife among us would not like to go down to history with her virtues extolled as on that curious old stone close by the myrtle-based cedar:

In
Memory of
Margert A
Alexander &
her two babes:
She was the A
greeable Con
sort of Andrew
Alexander.
She died August
22nd 1790 aged 33
years.

As you wander you may, perhaps, read smilingly of that twin baby, little Hugh Wilson Fulton, who departed this life in 1798, aged six months and six days, and rests beneath this inscription:

The Beauteous Youth is Gone
The Much lov'd Object Fled
Entered his long Eternal
Home, And Numbered Among the Dead,

He was one of two at a Birth
And has paid the debt of Nature first.

Perhaps you will wonder how little Rebekah Kearsley could attain so high a state of grace in seven years as to merit her inscription,

"Children Remember your Creator in the days of
your youth as
Rebekah truly did:

or wish that you, too, could achieve the “risignation” of pretty Elizabeth Maclay, cut off in her early twenties, of whom we read:

“a lingering distemper born with risignation
put a period to her life
on the 19th of April, 1794
in the 23d year of her age.

the duties
annexed to her station
were discharged without a blot.
Her weeping parents
have placed over her this stone
The Monument
of her Virtues and of
their affection.

Even in the “beyond” the mother of the Maclays must be happier because:

“Her children place
over the grave of their mother
this memorial
of affection and gratitude
that to their welfare
was consecrated
a mind of rare power
animated by strong feeling
Ennobled by culture
and softened by religion”

There are hundreds more such epitaphs and curious mourning rhymes in the old burial ground. It will pay you to read them with their odd paragraphing and spelling, some sunny afternoon as the shadows lengthen. It may make you pause amid the whirl of twentieth century

life to wonder if, after all, we have advanced so far as we think we have. Of how many of us could be truthfully inscribed, as on the slab that covers Parson Elder :

“The practice of piety seconded the precepts
Which he taught, and a most Exemplary
life was the best comment on the Christian
Religion.”



The Manse.

V

THE MANSE

How many of those who each week pass the picturesque old Colonial house on the southeast corner of our church property know anything of its history save that it is the hospitable home of our young pastor and his gracious wife, and of the two sturdy babies who romp through the lovely garden most of their waking hours. Yet this manse of old Paxton is another link with past generations, one that we must not fail to pick up.

Many a romance of by-gone days has been lived within its thick walls; many a tangle has been brought here for the honored pastor to straighten. Here, too, have been carried donations to the parson and his good wife from the thrifty farmers—great roasts, sausages and lard from the killings; baskets of ruddy apples, luscious peaches and pears from orchards that were ever the pride of the valley; doughnuts, pies, cakes, hot rolls and great loaves of rye bread, fresh from the Saturday baking; with jars of apple butter and other “spreads” to sweeten them.

For more than a hundred years after Paxton congregation was a power in the community there was no manse as part of the church property. There was no need of it: Mr. Bertram and Mr. Sharon lived on their farms near Derry.

Parson Elder was a practical farmer and large land-owner, who built the old stone house just beyond Twenty-fourth street, now owned by Mr. John Elder—it has never been out of the Elder name since it was built. Mr. Snowden soon preferred the comforts of Harrisburg, and Mr. Williams boarded, as did young Mr. Boggs, who was a bachelor.

When Rev. Andrew Mitchell came to Paxton in 1850, he was unmarried and boarded at the home of Mr. Benjamin Jordan, near Middletown. Later, he married Miss Mary Wiestling, of Middletown, and lived for several years with his father-in-law, driving back and forth to services at Paxton. This became onerous and the church saw that the time had come for a manse.

The father of Miss Lizzie Rutherford, John P. Rutherford, was made treasurer and collector in chief, and our handsome stone manse was built without debt. There were many families in the congregation in those days and nearly every head of a family contributed a hundred dollars. It was a season of hard times and slack work; labor was cheap, and the substantial house which has weathered the storms of nearly sixty years cost but \$2,000 to build.

Well does Miss Lizzie remember the excitement of that manse building—and well she might! Her father was treasurer, also contractor, and in those days the workmen—carpenters, stone masons, plasterers and painters in turn—all had to be boarded at the Rutherford home, in the house long occupied by Silas Ruth-

erford, close by the Reading Railroad tracks on Paxtang Avenue. And to Miss Lizzie fell the duty of cooking and washing dishes for those hungry workmen during that year of 1855-1856, until the house was finished.

There was no housewarming, and Mr. Mitchell did his own furnishing, but generous donations of food were brought by the prosperous farmers, who in that day made the bulk of the congregation.

The interior of the house, with its deep windows, its rooms of generous proportions, its graceful balustrade and high mantels above Vulcan heaters, is much as it is to-day. A few slight alterations were made in the latter part of Mr. Mitchell's ministry, and in the interval between Mr. Pickard and the present pastor, a bath room was added through the generosity of Mrs. James Boyd, while electric lights took the place of tallow dips and coal oil lamps.

Miss Lizzie, without whose remarkable memory many of the details of these sketches would have been impossible, gives an amusing account of the first reception given by the congregation in the manse. It was in honor of the young bride of Mr. Downey, who had come to us a bachelor and had furnished a few rooms. The ladies of the church presented him with a new carpet for the dining room.

"Fearing it might be spoiled," said Miss Lizzie, "I loaned some of my sheets to spread over the floor. It was well I did, for they were ruined. I don't remember all we had to eat,

but Cousin Margaret (now of Lochiel) and I brought gelatine and I had the pleasure of scraping a large plateful of it from those sheets, besides crushed grapes, chicken salad and sticky cake icing. How did the bride look? She was a pretty girl in a black silk frock with a ruffled, sleeveless jacket of white muslin over it; very young and pleasant but a little shrinking at first, as she didn't know a single creature." A trying ordeal, that, for any bride, much more for this one of a country minister facing that merry, jostling throng above the soiled sheets.

There was another reception given to the bride of Mr. Williamson, but times had changed; this evening there were no spread sheets, yet the carpet escaped. It might have been a tragedy: that night bricks fell in the old chimney and the coal gas, noticed at the reception, nearly killed the young couple before morning.

It was during the Williamson regime, in August, 1894, that a fire broke out in the manse. Damage to the house was repaired, but the church suffered an irreparable loss in its old records, which were burned in the attic.

When Rev. Luther Davis became pastor in 1885, he at first boarded with a Mrs. Shryock who had rented the manse. In a few years this arrangement ceased, and then the congregation for the first time partly furnished the old house and Miss Eliza Reed became his housekeeper. It fitted up two rooms upstairs, the library, dining room and kitchen, while Mrs. James Boyd, ever generous, furnished the parlor herself. Mr.

Pickard, who was unmarried, lived in the manse with his mother through the years of his pastorate.

During the years while Mr. West was supplying the pulpit the manse was rented each summer by Mr. Samuel Fleming, of Harrisburg, and he and his wife took an active part in the work of the church.

The old manse will run down as every house will through the years; minor improvements and refurnishing have been made for nearly every pastor, including the present occupant, for whom, among other things, hard wood floors are now being laid on the first story; but the old building is as firm and far more comfortable to-day than in its youth, and is, we hope, a lasting memorial to an era when builders were conscientious, materials dependable and architectural lines simple and dignified.

VI

THE SCHOOL HOUSE

Presbyterians like to boast that Calvinism and education have ever gone hand in hand. Paxton Church is no exception; from its earliest days we find the schoolmaster second only to the dominie in his power over the people.

There are no accurate records of the old Paxton school, which until the opening of the free district school in 1839, was held in the old log "session house" that stood on part of the ground now covered by the chapel. This school, though never under the control of the church as a body, was supported by the members of the congregation and all the children of the church went to it.

There appear to have been three school buildings: the first, a log cabin on Thomas McArthur's land back of the "meeting house"; the second, a log house on the estate of Thomas Rutherford, near the entrance to Paxtang Park; the third, in the "study house" or "retiring house" on the church property, which on Sunday was given over to the parson for meditation and session meetings. In 1812, owing to crowded conditions another school house was built on Jacob Walters' farm. This was later used as a pig pen. Here taught Thomas Wallace, who wielded a rod of such length he could reach every child in the room without leaving his chair.

The name of but one teacher before the Revolution is known—Francis Kerr, who formed a lodge of Masons, which had as its temple the old log Rutherford house.

Later, from about 1781-1810, the exact dates uncertain, there was Joseph Allen, the most famous of the old teachers, whose rigid discipline and stern determination not to spoil the child by a spared rod made his ex-pupils shiver at his memory, even in old age. Among "Master Allen's" boys were Thomas Elder, James Espy, John Forster, Joseph Wallace, John and William Rutherford, William McClure and Joseph Gray, all prominent at the Dauphin County bar, in the legislature or state government, or as prosperous merchants of Harrisburg a few generations back.

Other teachers were a Mr. Thomson and Mr. Armstrong in 1786; Francis Douley, an Irishman, 1814-1815; Mr. McClintock, 1816; Benjamin White, of Vermont, who made 1817 memorable by the severity of his rule; John Jones, 1818-1819, and Thomas Hutchinson, of Union County, 1820.

Many of these teachers lived in the school and all boarded round. This may have been a duty more necessary than pleasant, for we find an old Irish dame, a patron of the school for her "bound boy", telling Thomas Hutchinson, "Now, Tammy, where ye hae but the one scholar, ye stay but the one night!"

The next teacher was James Cupples, an Irish weaver who kept school in the winter and worked

at his trade in the summer, keeping his loom in the west end vestibule of the church. He seems to have had modern notions of discipline, for with him dates the end of the reign of terror in the "meeting house school." Old Master Allen, for instance, used to drub every pupil soundly each day, giving the children of indulgent parents a double dose of the rod.

A Mr. McCashan taught in 1824. He was followed the next year by Samuel Rutherford, who, later in life, was one of the founders of the State Agricultural Society.

From 1825 to 1839, when the school closed, there seems to be trouble in keeping teachers and Mr. Lockhart, Francis D. Cummings, Cornelius Kuhn, Rev. John McBeth, Mr. Martin, David Calhoun, Thomas Mifflin Kennedy, Robert Cooper, John Ebersole and William Gold follow in quick succession, some of them staying only a quarter.

Reverend John McBeth was the most famous of this list and a noted personality. He is the same "Rev. Mr. McBeth" whose brilliancy and venom Thomas Carlyle describes in his sketch of Rev. Edward Irving, in Froude's *Reminiscences*. Drink, which was his bane, drove him to America and Harrisburg, where he taught for a time at the Academy, later drifting to Paxton meeting house school.

Dr. Hiram Rutherford studied under him and wrote of him: "To my boyish eyes his powers of conversation were marvelous, and coupled with the fact that he read in seven languages and

professed to be personally acquainted with Moore, Scott, Byron and the then literati of Great Britain, his image is indelibly stamped on my memory. The last seen of him he was in the old Cummings wagon on his way to the almshouse, his great eyes glaring on the horizon with an immovable daze."

During his few quarters at Paxton, Mr. McBeth was asked to preach during the absence of Mr. Sharon. He gave a very brilliant and powerful sermon, but many of the congregation were scandalized and the pastor learning later the story of the man's life was horrified at "the desecration of Paxton pulpit."

No wonder the old-time Presbyterian believed in education for his children! Was not John Calvin the inventor of the free school system, and did not stern old John Knox, as far back as 1670, urge the church to sustain free schools for the poor?

Since it was a disgrace not to read and write, we can picture our forebears in that little log building under the same spreading oaks that shade us to-day. There were no frills of hygiene and forced ventilation in that school house; the small windows had oiled paper for glass and heat was furnished by a great wood stove. Desks for the larger children were placed facing the walls, perhaps to spy an intruding savage; the little ones sat on a low bench within this row of desks, while the master, when not hunting some offender with his formidable hickory stick, was perched at a high desk near the stove.

There was no chance for graft in school equipments in that day of quill pens, laboriously whittled from some domestic fowl, heavy slates and horn books. Nor could the master have taken up school for "what there was in it," since the salary of Paxton's school teacher was a penny a day for each pupil, or seven shillings, eleven pence, per scholar each quarter.

They had the Bible for a text book those days, and besides being a man of wide information, the master must be versed in Presbyterian doctrines. Woe betide the child who failed in his Westminster Catechism when it was recited by the entire school each Saturday morning, often with the pastor on hand to conduct the examination. Then there was drilling in the "three R's," sometimes with surveying thrown in for the boys, and, if the master were fond of the classics, there was Latin and Greek, which the unhappy youngster must know well enough for speaking and poetry writing.

All the children of the church went to that old school house. We find in the contract drawn up with Master Joseph Allen to teach in 1781 and 1782 at the Paxton school, that Rev. John Elder subscribes for 3 scholars, John Rutherford for $2\frac{1}{2}$, Robert Elder and Alexander McCauley for $\frac{1}{4}$. In the next year, August, 1782, Rev. John Elder is sending his children, David, Samuel, Michael, Rebecca and James for periods of from three to nine months; and in the same list we read of young Kelsos, Kerrs, Murrays, Carsons,

Rutherfords and Wilsons among the long list of pupils.

Master Allen was to teach these youngsters "to read, Write and Arithmetic (as far as the End of Reduction in Kelso's Assistant) in English, according to the best of his capacity, for the term of one year from the time he shall begin." For this he was to receive "at the expiration of each quarter the sum of Five shillings hard money (or Wheat to the value thereof) and also to be found Meat, Drink, Washing and Lodging at one certain house convenient to the schoolhouse; together with a Scholhouse, Firewood and Stove."

The last two were a wise provision, for we read in Parson Elder's notebook for December 11, 1786, "This day he (Mr. Armstrong) discontinued ye school on acc't of ye severity of ye weather." This was the year of the Great Pumpkin Flood, when, in September, the Susquehanna covered all the land about the graveyard on lower Front Street, Harrisburg, where the first John Harris is buried; and the ground in the lower part of town was strewn thick with pumpkins brought down in the flood. An unusually severe winter followed.

There is probably only one person alive to-day who was ever in that old log school before it finally closed. Miss Lizzie Rutherford well remembers being taken there in 1837, when visiting her Aunt Mary, Mrs. Samuel Rutherford. She accompanied a little girl in her aunt's family, named Maria Ulrich, and though too small

to recall who was teacher—she was barely four and a half years old—remembers clearly the low bench for the children and her pride at being allowed to sit with Maria and the older girls at her high desk facing the wall.



Memorial Gateway. Erected by Harrisburg Chapter of D. A. R.
1906.

VII

PAXTON—MOTHER OF HEROES

"We are the choice of the Will: God, when he gave the word,
That called us into line, set in our hands a sword.
Set us a sword to wield none else could lift and draw,
And bade us forth to the sound of the trumpet of the Law."

How many modern Presbyterians would be in their pew on Sunday if they faced a minister with a loaded gun beside him and each man in the congregation went armed. That was no uncommon sight when these old walls were new—yet there is no lack of church attendance recorded.

Our Scotch-Irish forbears were home-keeping, humane, peace-loving men, just and kind, albeit somewhat shrewd at a bargain, but when necessity drove they could fight right lustily. Dire calamity taught them how to meet the savage. To these courageous Presbyterians we owe protection at a time when, according to a letter of Dr. John Ewing in 1757, the Provincial Government at Philadelphia "was affording little or no assistance to poor, distressed frontiers; while our public money is lavishly squandered in supporting a number of savages, who have been murdering or scalping us for many years past."

Small wonder our doughty pastor, John Elder, organized and led a party of Rangers, the famous "Paxton Boys"; or, that later, he was granted a commission as colonel by the Provincial Government, to have supervision of the string of forts that stretched from the Delaware to the Susquehanna.

They have been bitterly scored, those fighting fore-fathers of ours. Even in their own time they were ill appreciated. We find one mild Quaker writing, "They are a parcel of Scotch-Irish, who, if they were all killed, could well enough be spared." Governor Penn prophetically sends word to a brother in England, "Their next move will be to subvert the government and establish one of their own!" Even Parson Elder himself complains, "They call us Scotch-Irish and other ill-mannered names!" But when such historians as Parkman condemns the "Pennsylvania borderers" for "a fanaticism that interprets the command that Joshua should destroy the heathen into an injunction that they should exterminate the Indians"—true he exonerates Parson Elder as "a man whose worth, good sense and superior education gave him the character of counsellor and director throughout the neighborhood, and caused him to be known and esteemed even in Philadelphia"—and McMaster openly calls the "Paxton Boys" brutes and fanatics, and charges every Presbyterian minister with having lauded their foul deed as an act acceptable to God, it behooves their descendants to get at the truth. The time has arrived, as

Parson Elder said it would in his letter to Governor Penn in 1764, "when each palliating circumstance will be calmly weighed."

What was this deed that aroused such bitter criticism? It was the killing of six helpless Indians in their Conestoga settlement on the night of December 14, 1763, by about thirty Paxton Boys. This so-called "Conestoga Massacre" was followed on December twenty-seventh by the raid of Lancaster jail and the murder of the other Conestoga Indians hurried there for protection.

Later the Paxton Boys, largely augmented by other Rangers, march to Philadelphia to present their wrongs, greatly to the consternation of the Quaker City, which orders out the militia. The invaders are quickly persuaded to turn back, leaving two of their number to exploit their grievances to the Council. Possibly, were it not for the fright of these honored rulers at their own doors, the doings of the Rangers in the wilds of Lancaster County would have stirred up less trouble.

What can be said of these daring law defiers? It was brutal, unchristian, strongly to be condemned? Yes, if one does not know what led them to take justice in their own hands.

For years the French and Indian war had turned peaceful Indians into such terrors to the scattered settlers that as James Galbreath, of Derry, quaintly writes to Edward Shippen in 1756, "The name or sight of an Indian makes all in these parts tremble: for by all appearances

the *devil* communicates, God permits and the French pay, and by that the back parts, by all appearances will be laid waste by flight."

Paxton was one of the chief sufferers in these raids. From old letters and archives we learn that there were murders and scalpings by the Indians almost daily during 1756-57. On May 11, in the latter year, eleven persons were killed at Paxton, while in October, "four of her farmers were pulling their Indian corn, when two of them were killed and scalped and their heads cut off, and the other two scalped.

Again, a party of Indians encamped near the mill dam back of Parson Elder's house, hoping to surprise and massacre the congregation at worship. Coming on Monday, they waited several days, then decided no church would be held, so sneaked back to the mountains through Indian Gap, murdering and scalping as they went. There is a tradition that one Sunday morning spies from a band of savages peeped in the south window of the meeting house and seeing Parson Elder with *two* guns on the pulpit decided not to attack.

Scarcely had the Indians begun to grow peaceful when new terrors arose from the Conspiracy of Pontiac in 1763, with its treacherous French plot to enlist the Indians and overthrow every English fort, including our own Fort Hunter. Again the border was ravaged and the Conestoga Indians were more than suspected of harboring hostile Indians.

There is plenty of proof of this treachery from

contemporary letters: John Harris writes of the Conestoga Indians, "I don't like their company. I have this day cut holes in my house and am determined to hold out to the last extremity." Again we note Parson Elder in September, 1763, suggesting to the government "the immediate removal of the Indians at Conestoga and placing a garrison in their room. In case this is done I pledge myself for the future security of the Frontier." After the massacre, in 1764, he writes to Governor Penn: "The storm which has so long been gathering has at length exploded. Had the government removed the Indians from Conestoga, which had frequently been urged, this painful catastrophe would have been avoided. What could I do with men heated to madness? All that I could do was done. I expostulated but life and reason were set at defiance. And yet, the men in private life are virtuous and respectable—not cruel but mild and merciful."

Unquestioned evidence shows that Parson Elder did not approve; that he expostulated almost at the risk of his life. One of the raiders, Smith, years later wrote, "Our clergyman did not approve of our proceeding farther and advised us to try what we could do with the Governor and Council. I with the rest was opposed to the measure proposed by our good pastor. It was painful for us to act in opposition to his will but the Indians in Lancaster were known to have murdered the parent of one of our party." An old chronicler gives a graphic account of Mr. Elder riding in front of the irate rangers; and

calling, "As your pastor, I command you to relinquish your design!" Whereupon, this same Smith, presenting his rifle called, "Give way or your horse dies!" To save his horse, to which he was much attached, Mr. Elder "gave way."

So much for the provocation! What man of present-day Paxton, however law abiding, would not admit "palliating circumstances"? Not the least among them were the special bounty paid for the scalps of women and children, and the many mothers and wives of Paxton murdered when visiting the sick or even while at their daily milking and butter-making.

In the Revolutionary War the men of Paxton again bear their part as fighters for their country, as, indeed, they have done in every war this country has had. On a Sunday after harvest, about six months before Washington was made Commander-in-Chief, Mrs. John Hamilton visiting Paxton, finds the farmers full of their wrongs and eager for war with the mother country. And the pastor, now an old man, leads them in their patriotic ardor, preaching in favor of armed resistance from the text, "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us."

Two days after news came of Lexington, all the able bodied men in the neighborhood were organizing. Ten days later one of the first companies raised in the Colonies was armed and equipped under Capt. Matthew Smith, of Paxton.

Again in that discouraging winter of 1776 when the British were ravaging New Jersey,

Parson Elder one Sunday morning omitted the discourse, but after a fervent prayer, talked patriotism to such effect that in thirty minutes a company was organized in the church, with his son Robert as captain and another son, sixteen year old John, as one of the privates. This company started next day, for the front in all that bitter weather.

Of this prayer his son Thomas Elder writes: "The saucy Tories tell a story on the old man's prayer that is not true. They assert that he begged and implored Heavenly aid to give success to the American cause, praying, 'We beseech Thee, through our Lord and Saviour Christ mercifully to give us triumph, yet not our but Thy blessed will be done. And, oh, Lord God of the Universe, if Thou art unwilling by Divine Grace to assist us, *do stand aside and let us fight it out!*'"

Our last glimpse of the "Paxton Boys" is to see sixty of them, one Sunday morning in 1779, march off to Sunbury to aid the terrified settlers of Northumberland County. There was glory to be had and not much else for their Colonel Smith writes, "Everything has been done to encourage them but no promise of reward absolutely given." Later from the field comes word, "Provisions is scarce but we will follow the savages and hope to get at them."

In the same year Colonel Robert Elder sends off to Bedford, "the sixth class of this battalion" under Captain John Rutherford, to protect the farmers while putting in their spring crops.

In 1781 we find the congregation at Paxton sending provisions to the refugees from South Carolina and Georgia who had fled into Pennsylvania from the cruelties of Tarleton. Parson Elder writes to Jasper Yeats of Lancaster: "As the inhabitants are not possessed of hard money, we concluded that an attempt to raise a contribution in that way would be to no purpose. We agreed to consult some friends in Philadelphia whether a quantity of wheat and flour would answer the end." It evidently did "answer," for several loads of flour and other provisions were hauled to Philadelphia that same year from Frey's and Elder's mills.

The memorial gateway to the old graveyard is in honor of the heroes who have gone forth from old Paxton. Their tablet bears revered names; but they are not all the heroes this church has mothered. Though nameless the rest, the men who spent their lives in the fear of God and the lurking savage, we are proud of them every one; and of the women heroes, too—it took a brave woman to be a churchgoer in those days.

And it took brave women to stay behind in the other wars of our Nation, when in 1812, 1846-1848, and in those bitter years from 1861-1865, the husbands, sons and brothers of old Paxton again eagerly "bade them forth to the sound of the trumpet of the Law"; many of them to lay down their lives for their country on the field of battle.

From the Mexican war the men under forty-five years old, living in the southern half of Pax-

ton Township, formed Company Ten, Second Battalion, of the Ninety-eighth regiment of Pennsylvania militia, and were chiefly officered by the men of Paxton Church. The commanding officers were chosen every seven years and at different times John P. Rutherford, William Rutherford and Abner Rutherford were captains. The Big Muster held at Linglestown in the fall was the gala occasion of the countryside. This company was generally known as "The Paxton Banditti."

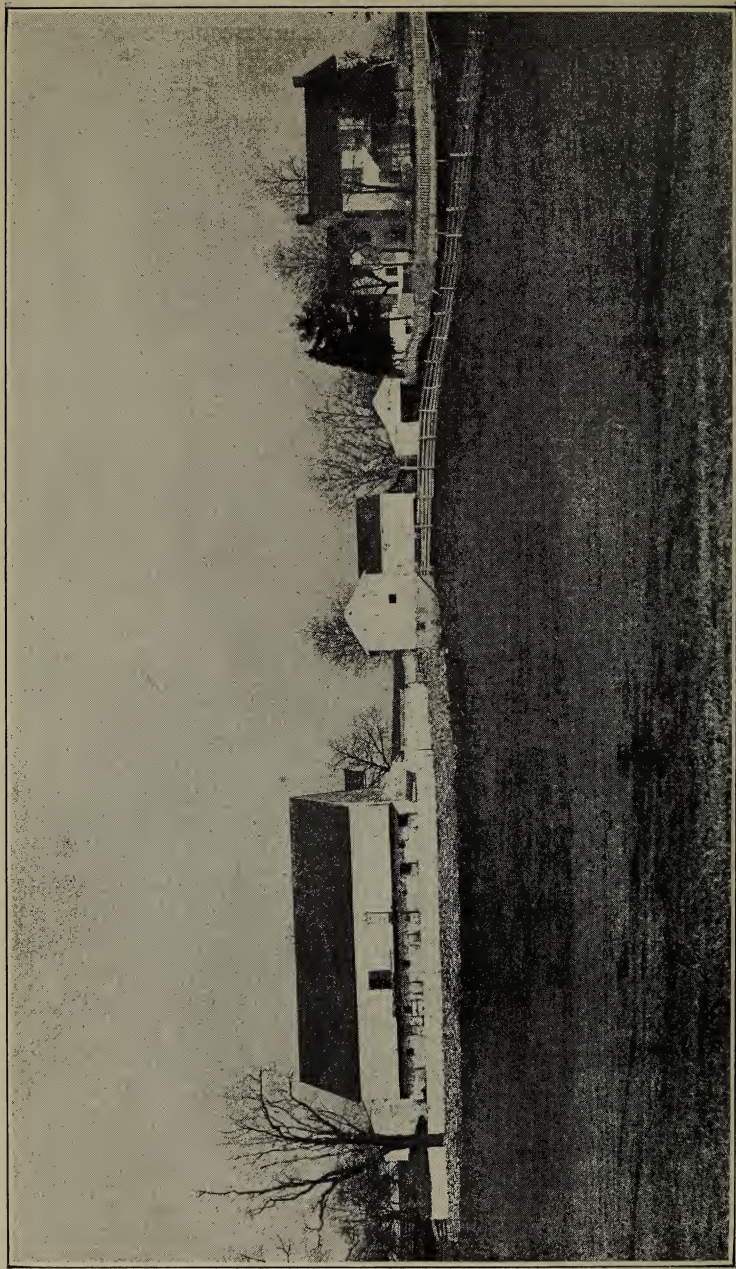
A few days after General Lee crossed the Potomac in the fall of 1862, messengers were sent on horseback all through the hills and valley of Swatara, and a meeting was held at Churchville on September sixth. That night a company was organized with James Elder, captain; John F. Peck, first lieutenant; John Whitmoyer, second lieutenant, and W. F. Rutherford, John Elder and J. E. Rutherford among the non-commissioned officers.

When five days later Governor Curtin called for troops this company met at the almshouse, on September 13th, and marched to Harrisburg to the music of a single drum. They were enrolled in Company K, Sixth Regiment, and the following day were taken up the Cumberland Valley in freight cars—as W. Franklin Rutherford puts it, "beating holes in the car for air by the time the Susquehanna was reached."

Mr. Rutherford has written a graphic account of this service in Notes and Queries. Suffice to say, it lasted but eleven days and the "ammunition was exhausted shooting at mark in Camp

McClure." But who can gauge the moral effect of this swift response to their country's needs. Many of the members of that Paxton Company later enlisted, some of them to die in battle.

There are heroes in old Paxton to-day—the breed of strong men and true she mothers has not died out—but may the day be far distant when the sons of the church are again called to battle, sword in hand, for their fatherland and their homes.



Stone "Mansion" and Barn Built by Rev. John Elder About 1740.

(Wing added by his son Joshua Elder, and walls plastered by Joshua Elder, father of present occupant and grand-nephew of "The Fighting Parson.")

VIII

THE FIGHTING PARSON

Great peace have they that love Thy law: and nothing shall offend them. Psa. 119, v. 165.

How curious that the man known to history as "the fighting parson" should have chosen peace as the text of his ordination sermon preached in the old log meeting house of Paxton, December 21, 1738. The Reverend John Elder, a man universally acknowledged as in advance of his age, had evidently the modern theory that the surest way to have peace is to be ready for war. He fought with his rifle for his people and country; he fought with pen and tongue for his Presbyterian faith and for a more thoroughly trained ministry; and he foreshadowed the twentieth century reformer in his fight for the people against the greed and indifference of the Provincial government.

In every generation there is a man who towers above the men of his time by reason of some force within himself. Such a man was our Parson Elder. Paxton is justly proud of him.

Why was Rev. John Elder one of the most prominent figures of his age? As we reckon it to-day he was naught but a country parson in a backwoods settlement, where he held one charge for fifty-two years. With this humble environment he made himself felt throughout a colony

filled with men of widely diverse creeds and blood; this, too, with no newspapers to bring him in daily touch with his fellow colonists, to spread his fame by puff and publicity.

Mr. Elder was a man of God, strong in his convictions and ready to uphold them, even to the point of defying old Donegal Presbytery, as when he became part of the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia in 1768, and there remained until the formation of Carlisle Presbytery in 1786. Like most strong men he was fearless, forceful, sometimes domineering in manner and methods. That he was not unjustly dogmatic appears from the honor in which he is held by his contemporaries in the ministry. One of the most popular preachers of his day, he preached more often before Donegal Presbytery than any other man in it; was its Moderator when little over thirty years old and was frequently its clerk, being considered one of the best clerks of Presbytery of that early time.

It speaks much for the personality of Mr. Elder that after the turmoils of Mr. Bertram's regime, Paxton became one of the best regulated congregations in the Presbytery. There were no more disputes about salary, though the parson with a family of fifteen children to support, was paid but £60 a year, half of it in bacon, hay, flax, linen yarn and other commodities. In an old receipt book of John Harris we read that in 1752 Parson Elder is paid "the sum of six pounds in full for all Steepings to the first day of November last." The thrifty parson was evidently

punctual in calling upon his Episcopalian supporter for payment of these steepings, which were the annual contribution to the pastor's salary.

Though progressive in secular affairs Mr. Elder was fiercely conservative in his religious beliefs and was one of the most bitter denouncers of the "New Side" views growing out of the preaching of Whitefield. He is pastor of the "Old Side" members of Derry and Paxton until the junction of the two factions at the death of Mr. Roan, in 1775, or until, as his son quaintly puts it, "One after another these religious fanatics returned, their churches rotted down."

Yet, oddly, even this rigidly orthodox Calvinist could not escape suspicion of heresy. In 1740 certain of his detractors from Paxton appear before Presbytery and charge Mr. Elder with preaching false doctrine. Happily for its own peace Presbytery seems to have ignored this charge; one cannot imagine "the fighting parson," with his fearless tongue and caustic humor, tamely submitting to doubts of his orthodoxy.

Mr. Elder came to Paxton after Mr. Bertram, feeling himself incapable of filling two charges, had decided for Derry. A young man, but lately landed from Scotland, Paxton was his first and only charge. He preached here as supply in the eighteen months before being called and had three distinct trial sermons before Presbytery. At the death of Mr. Bertram in 1746, the people of Derry were added to his flock.

Then came the division in the church, with Mr.

Elder in charge of the "Old Side" members of the two congregations, which explains his call, now in the Historical Society, being made out in 1754. At this same time Mr. Roan is pastor of the "New Side" of both churches, and had a church for his Paxton flock about two miles east of here, where signs of the old burial ground still are to be found.

For years all the Presbyterians in and near Harris' Ferry, attended Paxton meeting house, therefore, in 1787, when the First Church of Harrisburg, now Market Square Presbyterian Church, was proposed, Mr. Elder did not take it very kindly. True to his name of "fighting parson," there are many discussions in Presbytery. It was finally agreed that Harrisburg should be considered the seat of a Presbyterian church but—part of the charge of Parson Elder; that the two churches should pay his salary in common, and supplies for the vacant church as well; also have the right to call a colleague to Mr. Elder.

It speaks forcibly for the will power of the old parson, now eighty-one years old, that though this arrangement was unpopular with the Harrisburgers, he continued to be pastor of the three churches until his resignation in 1791; received during his life "all the salary or stipends that he now enjoys," and fought off a co-pastor to the last.

It is a question if Parson Elder, the divine, is as well known as Parson Elder, fighter and patriot. Washington himself said: "Had it not been for the Presbyterians there would have been

no Revolution!" Among all the Calvinists of that time few make a more conspicuous stand for freedom than does the Scotch-Irish pastor at old Paxton.

A hater of oppression from his boyhood, fleeing from his Scotch home for greater personal liberty, he quickly realized he must take initiative with a government supinely indifferent to the pioneers on the frontier. What Mr. Elder was as Captain of the Paxton Rangers and later as colonel under the Provincial government history tells us; what a bulwark of strength he must have been to the terrified families in this broad valley during the bloody years from 1755 to 1763, we can but imagine.

That he was regarded as the saviour of Paxton Township we learn from an old chronicler: "At that eventful time (the French and Indian Wars) he collected around him the aged, the women fled to him for succor. Here by day and night, under the wide canopy of heaven, he poured forth his eloquent aspirations for the safety of his congregational charge. To attack him was not even attempted by the hostile and merciless savages."

It is undoubtedly true, but, for the conspicuous bravery and recognized military ability of our fighting parson nearly all the terrorized inhabitants would have fled the frontier. We also find him trying to persuade the Conestoga Indians to abandon their treacherous allies, and, earlier, on the first two days of April, 1757, he heads the five or six men who meet at the home of John Harris

to confer with various tribes of Indians and their agent, George Croghan.

Modernly speaking Mr. Elder was "an all round man." Deeply religious, with an almost over sensitized reading of honor, he was besides an acute man of affairs, of brilliant mind and strong personality. Repeatedly we see him playing what his descendants would call "good politics." To him was due the retaining of a garrison in Fort Hunter; and in the letter he writes in 1757 to Richard Peters, Secretary of Council, to remonstrate against abandoning the fort, we see one of his shrewd touches. "It is well known" he writes, "that Representatives from back Inhabitants have but little weight with the Gentlemen in Power, they looking on us either as incapable of forming just notions of things or as biased by Selfish views; however, I'm satisfied that you Sir, have more favorable conception of us." And the secretary, thus flattered, saw to it that the fort was held.

There is the same suave handling of the authorities to gain his end, in a letter he writes recommending Mr. William Bell of his congregation to a captaincy during the Revolutionary War. He ends with, "I think that we can in a short time engage a number of stout young men, farmers' sons, well affected to the American cause, and who may be expected to serve from principle and a due regard to liberty, *but who will not enlist under officers they are unacquainted with.*"

He can be uncompromising enough when

wrongs are to be righted. Repeatedly he remonstrates with the Governor and high officials. There is a very modern touch in another letter sent to Richard Peters in 1755: "There are within these few weeks upward of forty of his majesty's subjects massacred on the frontiers of this and Cumberland County, besides a great many carried into captivity, and yet nothing but unseasonable debates between the two parties of our legislature, instead of uniting on some probable scheme for the protection of the province."

Mr. Elder was that unusual combination; preacher, scholar, politician and practical farmer. Perhaps much of his hold on his flock, who were almost without exception farmers, was the good returns he got from his land. He had nearly six hundred acres, reaching from the land now being divided into city lots at Twenty-third street to beyond the stone house now occupied by Dr. Kauffman.

The Parson and his family lived in the old stone house now occupied by Mr. John Elder beyond Twenty-fourth street. It has been modernized, a frame wing was added by his son Joshua and the stone was plastered by Joshua Elder, the father of the present owner, but the walls are just as built nearly two centuries ago and the barn is unchanged.

This homestead has always been held by the Elder family but not by the lineal descendants of the old parson. At his death his sons by the first wife, Mary Baker, acquired most of the property. Dying without heirs, they cut off

the children of their stepbrothers and left the properties, then divided into two tracts, to the children of cousins, two Joshuas and two Roberts, of a collateral branch.

A strictly methodical farmer was Mr. Elder. To his habit of keeping exhaustive notes on domestic subjects scattered through his marriage records we owe many interesting side lights on his home life. Thus we note :

Account of Grain Reaped & Put in,
1772.

of Rey. In ye stack in ye barn—
of Wheat. in ye big stack, 318
“ in ye small do., 212
“ in ye seed do., 54
“ in ye barn. 45

Acc't of wheat in ye yr 1774
In the Big Field, viz 519 shocks
In ye small do, viz 188 shocks
Rey, viz 232 shocks.

Again we read :

Price of Wheat Aug. 1786, 6 shillings a bushel.

1785. Had 476 bus. of Wheat and 175 of Rey. Oats sold at 1 shilling a bus. Bill Boyd thrashed it all.

1774. Oct. 22. I sold to one Newman a breeding sow and 4 shoats 1.6.0 (about \$6.00) and rec'd in part 0.5.0.

1783. Jan. 25. Then opened a barrel of Cydar.

We also hear the farmer parson telling William Maclay that John Harris, the pioneer, was

the first to introduce the plough on the Susquehanna.

Perhaps some of his bitterness against the "New Lights" may be due to his farmer thrift. We learn from the diary of a grand daughter of the senior John Harris, that when Whitefield was preaching repeatedly near Harris' Ferry in 1740, the people who flocked to hear him were so carried away by his eloquence that many, despite remonstrances, neglected the cultivation of their farms and left their fields unsown. Whole families found themselves in such want in consequence of this excitement that Mr. Harris sent grain to the nearest mill and directed it to be divided among such of his poor neighbors as applied.

There seems to be no portrait of Mr. Elder extant but we learn from a letter written in 1843 by his son Thomas Elder to the historian Redmond Conyngham: "My father had a good and very handsome face. The features were regular, yet no one feature prominent—good complexion, with blue eyes. In speaking with an old and estimable gentleman last Saturday about my father, I asked his recollection of his face. He replied, 'I remember him perfectly, indeed, as well as if he was now before my eyes, and say that he had as good a face as could be found in ten thousand. He was a portly, long, straight man, over six feet in height, large frame in body, with rather heavy legs.' "

"My father did not talk broad Scotch—a dialect, however, always pleasing to me. He talked

and spoke much as we do now, but grammatically. By the way, there was no little Puritan feeling about him."

The old parson seems to have been regarded with awe by his flock; and he had an uncompromising way of bringing offenders to task however important they might be. There is an amusing tale of his catching his leading elder, Thomas Rennox, and his richest parishioner, John Harris, attending a match of Long Bullets, a game played by throwing as far as possible iron balls weighing from one to five pounds. Rennox prudently went behind a tree at the approach of his formidable pastor, but Harris stood his ground and meekly took a sound drubbing from the outspoken parson, who declared solemnly, "Of all ye men in my congregation I am most surprised to see you here, John Harris!" The lecture closed, Harris suddenly called, "Thomas Rennox come out here!" And the last state of that elder was worse than the first!

He had a right cutting tongue, this fighting man of God. His great grandchild says, "I have often heard my mother say that her grandfather rarely laughed, though he had a keen sense of humor, albeit, rather sardonic, especially, when he felt his rights infringed. Her father, Thomas Elder, often told her laughingly of the time Parson Hogg, was appointed to supply Paxton and Derry in 1775. He was not in favor with our pastor and at the next meeting of Presbytery Parson Elder complains 'of having been annoyed by the rooting around of a Hogg that had been

turned into his fields.' ” This anecdote, which is given in the history of Carlisle Presbytery, is thus confirmed by family lore.

According to the stone in the old graveyard Mr. Elder was pastor at Paxton fifty-six years. In reality he was there but fifty-two years, three months and twenty-one days; he was ordained pastor of Paxton, December 22, 1738, and resigned because of advancing years, April 13, 1791. He died fifteen months later, July 17, 1792, at the ripe age of eighty-six. He lies buried in the same grave with his two wives, Mary Baker and Mary Simpson, and his daughter Grizzel.

Mary Baker, the first wife, was born in County Antrim, Ireland, in 1715, and married her famous husband in 1740. As the old “mansion” and barn are supposed to have been built about this time, Parson Elder probably erected it for his bride. She died June 12, 1749. She had two sons, Robert and Joshua, and two daughters, Grizzel and Eleanor.

On November 5, 1751, the parson married one of the younger members of his flock, Mary Simpson, daughter of Thomas and Sara Simpson, of Paxton. She was born in 1732, thus making her twenty-six years younger than her husband, who, however, survived her by nearly five years, as the second Mrs. Elder died October 3, 1786.

They believed in big families in those days: Parson Elder had fifteen children, eight of whom were sons. The two sons of the first wife dying without heirs, all the Elder descendants

are from the second wife Mary Simpson. There are three great grandchildren living to-day, Mrs. Gilbert McCauley, daughter of Mrs. Sara Doll, child of Samuel Elder, and S. Bethel Boude and Miss Emily Boude, children of Catharine, the daughter of Thomas Elder. To the interest of Mr. Boude we owe the memoir written by Thomas Elder, the military commission, and many personal anecdotes told him by his mother.

In all his many phases Parson John Elder was a man to be reckoned with. As one of his successors, Rev. William Downey, has written of him, "In an age of borrowed thought he did his own thinking." He thought—and acted—to such purpose that no child of old Paxton, through generations to come, should ever forget him.

regularly day after day to forward dispatches and the officers about 40 miles.
With respect to the satisfaction of the Men, and of course whether can be established
for the certainty of supplying them. You are to command the several Officers that they
will be allowed one furling furling for each week, in lieu thereof, from the time
of their enlistment till they shall be regularly furnished with provisions.

As the Western Frontier is apprehended the greatest danger of being attacked
by the Enemy, I have thought it advisable to station four hundred of the Men
to be raised in the West side of Virginia for protecting of the frontiers of
Summers & York. And to each of the three Counties of Gloucester, Curry &
Northampton, I have appointed one hundred Men to be recruited from the
others, as occasion may from time to time require.

Particularly recommended to you to take so that when the service is
at an end, the several Officers return to their Residence and Dispositions
of their Companies, so to by you provided in a safe & proper place, till you
shall receive any further directions from me.

I have also further to recommend to you all possible dispatches in the
execution of your Commission & that you will from time to time keep
me informed of your proceedings.

Yours Sir

Wm. Pitt Rivers

General

James H. H. H.

To the Hon. Mr. John Blair.

IX

COPY OF PARSON ELDER'S COMMISSION AS COLONEL

For a long time this commission granted by the Colonial Government to Parson Elder was supposed to be lost. It was discovered in the family of Mr. S. Bethel Boude, was carefully patched by his mother—the paper having worn with age—and now, framed between two pieces of glass, is one of the most cherished possessions of Mr. Boude, who kindly has given us permission to copy it for the first time since it was issued a hundred and forty years ago. It is written in a beautiful copper-plate hand on both sides of a sheet of parchment paper, nine by fourteen and a half inches.

Philadelphia, July 11th, 1763.

SIR :

It having been agreed between me & the Assembly, that seven hundred men should be forthwith used for the defense of the Frontiers, against the Incursions of the Indians, which from what has already happened to the Westward, there is great reason to apprehend, will, by degrees, extend themselves along the whole Frontier of the province; I have thought it necessary that two Companies should be raised in your County, each to consist of a Captain, Lieutenant & Ensign, 2 Serjeants, 2 Corporals & 43 private Men, to be immediately employed in protecting such parts of your Frontier, as may stand most in need of it.

And to the end that there may be some person of prudence & Judgment, near the spot and at hand to direct the Operations of the said Companies, so as to make them of most use to the Country; I have by my Commission of this date appointed You to the Command of the said Two Companies, and desire you will give all the encouragement in your power, to the speedy raising of them; & when raised, that you will station them in such places, and in such numbers, and direct such services to be performed, as shall appear to you to be most for the general Benefit of the Inhabitants, without favor or partiality to any.—Your pay during the force of the Commission aforesaid will be 20 s. a day.—It is my particular intention, if a sufficient number of men can be raised, that they be immediately employed to cover and protect, during the harvest such of the Inhabitants as by treacherous situation, are most exposed to the Incursions of the Enemy, but not kept in Garrison.

And if any of the people shall be so unreasonable, as to demand a Bounty, for inlisting, you are to let them know, that the Government has done, and is doing all in its power at present for their assistance; and if they are not satisfied with being paid, to secure their own properties without the addition of a Bounty, they must take the consequence, and can have nobody to blame but themselves, in case any misfortune befall them.

Money to enable the Officers to advance each Man fifteen shillings, to be hereafter deduced

from their pay, together with everything necessary for the Equipment of the Soldiers, will be sent up forthwith to your Care, which you are to deliver to the several Captains, who are to be accountable to you for the distribution of them among the Men that shall be raised.

I likewise send you herewith recruiting Instructions, a Copy of which certified by yourself, you will give to each of the Officers, whom you shall appoint to recruit for this Service.—

I have appointed Mr. Asher Clayton to be one of your Captains by whom I sent you £70.10 to be applied as Advance Money, and have also sent you Blank Commission for all the Other Officers of the Two Companies which You are to fill up with the names of such as You should judge worthy and most capable of advancing the Service. And you will date the Commissions regularly day after day to prevent disputes among the Officers about—Bank—.

With respect to the victualling of the Men until some method can be established for the certain supplying them. You are to acquaint the several Officers that they will be allowed one shilling per day for each Man in lieu thereof, from the time of their enlistment, till they shall be regularly served with provisions.

As the Western Frontier is at present in the greatest danger of being attacked by the Enemy, I have thought it advisable to station four hundred Men to be raised on the West side of Susquehanna for protecting of the Counties of Cumberland and York. And to each of the Counties

of Lancaster, Berks, and Northampton I have appointed one hundred Men to be reinforced from the others as occasion may from time to time require.

I particularly recommend to you to take pains that when the Service is at an end, the several Officers return to you the Arms and Accoutrements of their Company to be by You preserved in safe and proper place, till You shall receive my further directions about them.—

I have only further to recommend to You all possible despatch in the execution of Your Commission, and that you will from time to time keep me informed of Your proceedings—

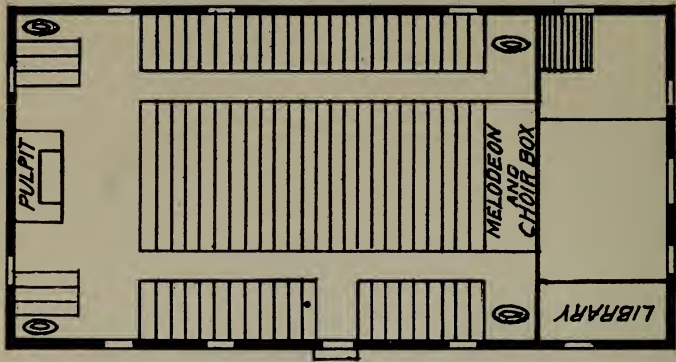
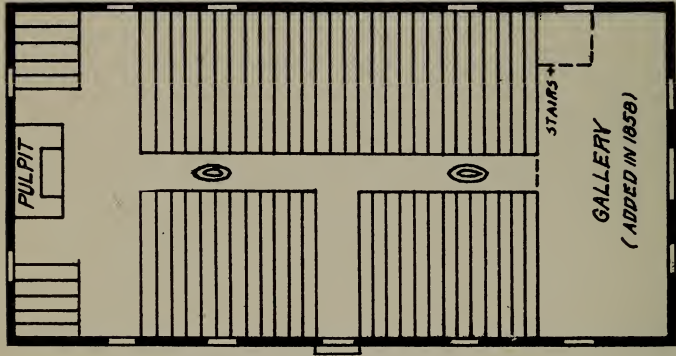
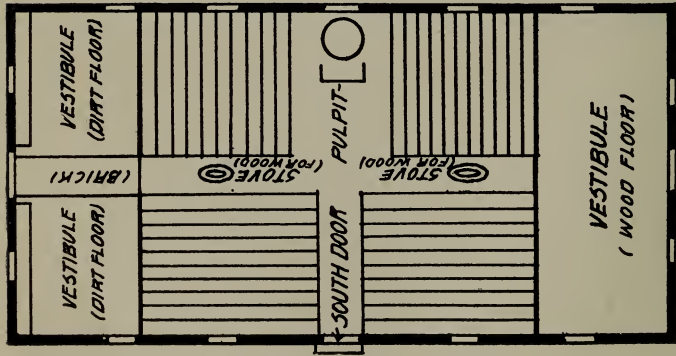
I am Sir,

Your Most Obedient

Truly Humble Servant,

JAMES HAMILTON.

To the Reverend Mr. John Elder.



PAXTON CHURCH

From Drawings of the Church as Remembered by Miss Lizzie Rutherford.

X

MEMORIES OF PAXTON CHURCH DURING EIGHTY YEARS

In planning this record of old Paxton we felt it would be incomplete without the reminiscences of our oldest church member and most faithful worker, Miss Rutherford, oldest daughter of the late John P. and Eliza Rutherford, who is lovingly known to every one as "Miss Lizzie." Someone has written, "A woman must have distinctive individuality to be known to an entire community by her first name." It takes but slight acquaintance with our Miss Lizzie to feel this truth. She is, ever has been, a power in Paxton Church and in the community, and her memories of by-gone days are invaluable. Though over eighty, her remarkable memory is never at fault; in case any doubtful point needed verifying, invariably Miss Lizzie was right. Many of her recollections are embodied in other sketches, particularly those of the church proper and of the manse, but this little talk brings vividly to us the ways of bygone years.

Can I tell you when I first remember Paxton Church? Let me see! Rev. James Sharron married father and mother and baptized me, but as he died when I was very small, I naturally do not recall him clearly. Mother had great respect for him and often told us children how very good he was. He visited around among the people when he came up to preach, usually arriving Saturday afternoon on horseback and staying until

Monday. He was a tall, slender man, very delicate looking, and was in poor health for years, but it never seemed to interfere with his work. He had a very solemn, serious manner, and all the young people of the church stood in great awe of him and used to dread when their turn came for the Sunday visit.

I was still a very little girl when Mr. Boggs was here, but remember him well. Everyone went to church those days no matter how hard it was to get there. We lived near "Beaufort," at the foot of the mountains and each Sunday all of us but the baby would be driven seven miles to church. There were two long sermons with a recess between, but we had to sit up straight, not wriggle and tell the text and sermon heads to father when we went home.

Mr. Boggs was a young fellow, good looking, with pleasant manners and nice to children. In those days we stood in great awe of the minister, but I well remember he came to our house one day when no one was at home and was so nice to us children that we all loved him.

He boarded with Widow Elizabeth Elder, who was a Miss Sherer, and later went to Pittsburgh to live. Her house was on the Pike, just opposite the Wilhelm place, where Aunt Margaret lived so many years. The church put a partition in the old "Session House" to give him a bedroom, and he used to walk all that distance for his meals, winter and summer.

They fixed up the church between Mr. Boggs and Mr. Mitchell's time, in 1847 it was, I remem-

ber, but I was too young to have much to do with that, though I recall just how the old church looked. I will draw you these sketches to show what difference the five changes I've seen have made. But you'll have to excuse the drawing, as I don't claim to be an artist.

Mr. Mitchell wasn't married when he first came, but we built the manse not long after he took a bride, Miss Mary Wiestling, of Middletown. I tell you I'll never forget that building—it meant too hard work for me. (Miss Lizzie's connection with the manse during its building and in after years can be found elsewhere.)

By the time Mr. Downey came, the church began to have a very hard time of it. Our numbers were dwindling. During Mr. Mitchell's time whole families had gone, some to the West, others died out, and often it looked as if old Paxton would die too.

If it hadn't been for Dr. West I believe we *would* have died. For six years during that depressing and perilous time he preached every Sabbath as a supply, though he preached two other sermons to his own people in Westminster, coming out here in the afternoon. He was a very busy man, but he was never too busy to visit among our people and comfort the sick. He was the father of our Woman's Missionary Society, started thirty-five years ago, in 1878. A number of the young people came into the church under his pastorate, so you see that good man had much to encourage him. Mrs. West once told me "it

was such a comfort and inspiration to him to come out here and look into these strong Presbyterian faces.”

After Mr. West, by reason of increasing duties in town, could no longer fill our pulpit there were about three years when we had supplies just as we could get them. There was never an evening service, and once the church was closed for three months during the winter.

Looking back that decade and more seems a dangerous time. But then the Boyds came! No one will ever know what they have meant to us but those of us who went through those years of discouragement. It was wonderful, the influence of them. You can't count it in money. It came to me, and I was convinced of it, and told Mrs. Boyd of my deep impression, that the Lord sent them to build up this church.

Mr. Samuel Fleming, who had the manse in summer for seven years, was also a great help to us. He was superintendent of the Sunday School, and gave us many good ideas about carrying on our work.

Meanwhile, a Mr. William Logan was employed by the Presbytery to stir up weak churches, so, by and by, the congregation lined up and we called a preacher, Albert Barnes Williamson. In his time we had some exciting events. The church was fixed over, much as it is to-day; we had lights for the first time, we had our grand Sesqui-Centennial Celebration and—the fire.

There had been no preaching at Derry since Mr. Mitchell's time; the old church was almost defunct. Then Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Bailey, a great-granddaughter of Parson Elder, stirred themselves and built a new church and Mr. Williamson preached there in the evening.

After Mr. Williamson left us we had supplies all winter from Princeton Seminary, and the next summer Mr. Alexander Essler preached for us four months, and he recommended Mr. Luther Davis, who came in 1895. We all liked him so much! The church moved under him and has kept moving ever since, under Mr. Pickard and our present pastor, who has labored so faithfully among us for seven years. Mr. Pickard, by the way, was the only minister of Paxton since old Parson Elder who ever married one of our girls; and he didn't do it until after he had left us.

Do I remember when the Sunday School started? No, I don't; but it must have been over seventy years ago, for I attended Sunday School when I was a little child. We met in the main room of the church, and Miss Ann Elder, daughter of Widow Elder, was my first teacher. Mr. Robert Elder, a grandson of a brother of old Parson Elder got up the school. He lived where Dr. Kauffman lives now, on one of the old Parson's farms. It had been left to him by his father's cousin Robert, rather than to the step-nephews. Those wills of Joshua and Robert Elder stirred up quite a bit of feeling in the old days.

But all that has nothing to do with the Sab-

bath School. It was held only during the summer months. It is only in the last twenty years that we have had the school all the year around. There was always a great scarcity of material for teachers and some of them were very young. We used to make a great deal of the Shorter Catechism and every one of us had to know it, and all the explanations, too, by heart. Miss Ann Elder and her sister led the singing, "raised the tune" we called it then, and they later led it in church.

What about our music, wasn't I in the choir? Indeed, I was! The choir was started by Miss Matilda Brown in 1856, in the house of old Parson Elder. We used to meet round in different houses for choir practice. I was a charter member and sang in it for thirty-five years. The first hymn book I remember was Rous's Version of the Psalms and Hymns. How we used to shout those good old hymns! No rag-time and such things like they use for God's service nowadays. When I first remember much, Elder Jordan "raised the tune." He took the fork after David Espy, who was precentor for many years. And after him came Joshua Elder. They would give us the note with a tuning fork and we would all follow in like a flock of sheep.

David Elder was our first choir leader and the singers were Miss Matilda Brown, Miss Lucy Rutherford and myself sopranos, the Misses Sara and Jennie Rutherford, altos; James Elder, tenor, and William S. and John A. Rutherford, bass. At first we sat in the front pew of the

church, then the choir stirred up things and the gallery was built over the vestibule and we all went up there. That was the first time we had a melodeon and we took up a collection to buy it.

We never had an organ until after the big changes in the church in 1887. I remember we bought a new melodeon for the square box that was built for the choir on the floor of the church because the congregation was getting so small and none of the young people would sit down stairs. Mrs. Wilhelm gave us the organ we use to-day, back in 1888, and Mrs. Boyd and I chose it.

We didn't have things so comfortable in those old days. The old pews were regular back breakers, and there were never any cushions and no carpet on the floor. It used to be very cold in winter, so that sometimes families would bring strips of rag carpet to put in their pews.

The first carpet was bought in Mr. Mitchell's time. I was on the committee to collect money for it, though I was only a young girl then. The others were: Miss Elizabeth Espy, later Mrs. Samuel Sharp, Mrs. Abner Rutherford and Mrs. Joshua Elder. It was ingrain strips with big figures in green, brown and red. We put it down in the aisles and on the pulpit platform and very proud we all were of it. We also bought green Venetian blinds for the windows.

Imagine our horror to have that fine carpet stolen! When President Lincoln was shot, the church was draped for him. The gallery was hung in paper muslin, but for the front of the

church we bought yards and yards of black woolen goods. To be economical, I loaned them my best black blanket shawl to drape the pulpit. After the first Sabbath some one got in and took everything but the paper muslin; even the carpet was ripped from the floor. We never got it back; nor my best shawl either!

This caused great excitement. But there were some strips under the stove, so with them and a little we had over we carpeted the pulpit platform. It wasn't more than laid when that was stolen, too.

Not long after, in 1867, I think, we carpeted again. There were those who were opposed to the purchase, but we overruled them. That carpet was not down more than a month when one Sabbath morning in February, 1868, we came into church and—it was gone again! Those who had wanted matting couldn't help showing their joy as they came into church. It was funny to see their faces, they just looked: "I told you so!"

You may be sure after that we bought cocoa matting and it was never disturbed until 1887, when we bought the red ingrain carpet that was down until after the chapel was built. As the pews were screwed tight on this, we managed to keep it.

Those repairs of 1887 were instigated by the women of the church. The men said, "no money," so the women determined to "show them." They made preserves by the barreland, baked cakes by the hundreds and gave two big fairs, one at the home of Mrs. John Elder

and another at the house of Silas Rutherford, at the entrance to the Park.

I remember we had a famous quilt, at that last fair, made of pink and white calico patches. On the white ones were names written, each scribe paying ten cents, and some of them much more. It was auctioned off at the fair, and altogether it netted us over \$250. I own it now, for Mr. James Boyd bought it and presented it to me to my great joy.

One time some wicked person stole the big old Bible from the pulpit. They never knew who took it, but happily it was found wrapped up in a bag in a corn bin at Bigger's tavern. That was before my day, but we children often used to wonder what God would do to that dreadful thief who stole his Holy Word!

I seem to have had a hand in most of the goings on in the church, you say? Well, I trust, I have done my part. We all had to help out in those days in ways that would seem queer now. For a long time we were too poor to hire a sexton, so some of the young men who lived near used to make the fires before service and we girls would have sweeping parties and clean up. Many a time have I swept the church in weather so cold I could hardly hold the broom. Later, we had an old colored man for sexton, named Emanuel Walker. He was with us for years and was a quaint old character, quite famous all around this part of the country. Every Christmas he would drive to all our homes and

call out "Chrismus gif", Chrismus gif"! And he always got them, too.

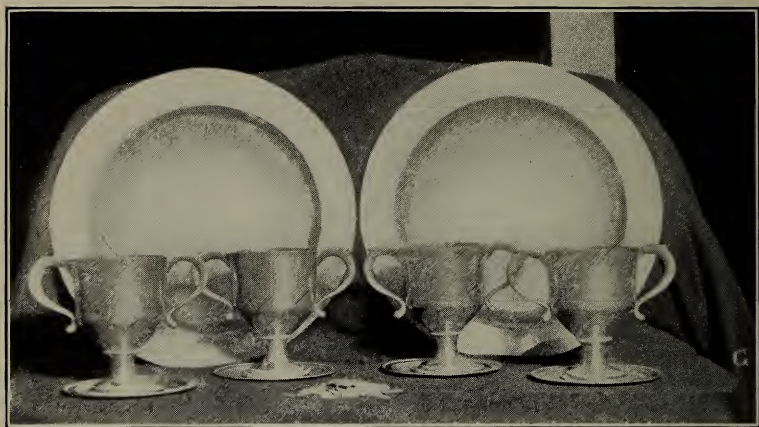
Our church picnics aren't the same as they were. They were the big event of the year ever since I was a small girl. We have had them more than sixty years regularly; before that only occasionally. You know how they used to be a regular gathering of all the clans, and how all the descendants of old Parson Elder and you other Harrisburg people used to come out to them each summer.

How we did work for those two big meals! Everyone sat down at long tables that just groaned with chicken and veal loaf, cakes, pies, pickles, cheese, hot rolls, huge cups of coffee and big tubs of lemonade under the trees. And Mrs. James Boyd always sent a big freezer of ice cream for the evening meal.

And the games we played—Prisoner's Base, Lady Locket, Drop the Handkerchief, Bingo. And all the old songs we sang when evening was coming on—Juanita, My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean, John Brown's Body, and Kathleen Mavourneen, and the dear old hymns of our fathers: Rock of Ages, Jesus Lover of My Soul, and Dennis!

Well, well, those days are over. Do you remember that young man who said Paxton picnic was the only place on earth where a man could stay away for twenty years and come back to find the same people doing the same things, singing the same songs and looking just the same, too?

He couldn't say that now. We are growing up too fast. We cannot ask outsiders any more, and we have done away with the two meals, having just a stand-up lunch—sandwiches, coffee and lemonade. It's better so, perhaps. The old times are gone everywhere, just as the old hickories that used to fill this church grove are gone. But that does not say that the new oaks and mulberries planted in their place will not be strong and beautiful trees, nor that the new ways and days of Paxton will not be for the best good of our beloved church.



Old Pewter Communion Service and Tokens.

XI

THE COMMUNION SERVICE OF EARLIER DAYS

One of the changes that recent years has brought to old Paxton is in the communion service that from the time of Parson Elder, and before, down to 1892, was celebrated in a beautiful and peculiarly solemn manner.

No one who has felt the uplift of the Sacramental Sundays of yore can ever forget it. It was with great reluctance many of the older generation saw the passing of the early forms.

A long table was spread in the broad aisle in front of the pulpit, with bare, wooden benches on either side. This table was covered with spotless cloths of fine linen, which in earlier days were spun and woven by members of the congregation, and was set with the old pewter communion service that is now one of our most cherished relics.

When the time for the Sacrament arrived, the precentor, and, later, the unaccompanied choir, started that wierd and doleful tune, Wyndham. To its minor cadences the communicants silently left their pews and walked up the aisles, singing their solemn communion hymn:

“’Twas on that dark, that doleful night
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God’s delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes.”

Reverently they took their places around the table, as many as could be seated. The rest of the congregation sat in the front pews. Deference was paid to age in those days, and it was usually the older people, the grandfathers and grandmothers, their sons and daughters, who left their places first and gathered around the sacred board; the younger people sitting in the pews until, with the passing years, they, too, were the "older members" of Paxton.

The trays and cups first passed by Parson Elder to hold the emblems of our Christian faith, were used through changing years by every minister of Paxton down nearly to the close of Mr. Williamson's time, though the long table was abandoned some years earlier.

The solemn service closed with the singing around the table of that almost forgotten communion hymn to the old long metre tune, Rockingham:

"Jesus is gone above the skies
Where our weak senses reach Him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thought."

The old pewter service, which was abandoned for the present silver service in 1892 because of the weight of the plates, each weighing fully ten pounds, has an interesting history, and is to be reckoned among the rare communion services of to-day from a collector's standpoint.

The marks are nearly obliterated; but by strong lenses the plates are found to be one of the earlier examples of that famous member of

"The Worshipful Company of Pewterers of London," John Townsend. The date 48 is still distinctly visible and there is a very faint 17 in the other scroll.

This is the date of John Townsend taking up his yeomanry. His touchmark of a lamb beneath a dove volant is still to be seen on the Touch Plates preserved at Pewterer's Hall, London. Under a strong glass this touch is still traceable on our pewter; while the JOHN on the upper part of the scroll, and the SEND on the lower, is plain to the unaided eye.

Unfortunately the other half of the touchmark, connected by a large &, is undecipherable. It may be the name of Thomas Giffin, who often worked with John Townsend, as a final "S" is still to be seen on the upper space of the second scroll.

One connoisseur of old pewter to whom our service was shown says the two plates and four cups are undoubtedly of the same period though the cups seem to have no touch mark on them. The four small trays that hold the cups have quite a different marking, two doves under a crown, with LO on one side and VE on the other, may be by Townsend—these small hall marks were often used in addition to the special touch mark—but are possibly of a little later date.

In the photograph of our old pewter service may be noticed a small heap of oblong disks in the foreground. These are the old "tokens" formerly given to each communicant at the sacramental service. They are of lead, worn

very thin, and all but one bear the initials B. P. This, tradition has it, stands for Bertram Pastor, thus linking us with the very first minister of Paxton after her formal organization and the election of a session in 1732. The other token is marked H. S. and may belong to the old Hanover Session, one of the early Presbyterian churches of this region, but long since passed away.

XII

MONOGRAPHS ON THE MINISTRY

Paxton Church has had a ministry during nearly two centuries in which we may well take pride. All have been men of wide education, strong piety and force of character, and it is not well that their work for this church and countryside be forgotten. These sketches, necessarily brief, are a slight tribute to the pastors without whom this church would long since have been abandoned and Presbyterianism in Paxton Valley be but a name.

Rev. James Anderson

1726—1732

In the obscure records of Paxton's earliest days we first focus definitely on the name of Rev. James Anderson, of Donegal, who, after 1726, gave one-fifth of his time to Derry and Paxton. He was a Scotchman, born in 1678, educated in the University of Edinburgh, ordained by the Presbytery of Irvine and sailed for America in 1709. Landing in Virginia, his Calvinistic ways took not kindly to the gay Cavaliers. He comes over the border, is pastor at New Castle, Delaware, but later is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New York City, built in Wall Street in 1719. At his own request he was transferred to Donegal in 1726, and thus came into touch with this church.

Mr. Anderson was of the old-time Covenanter

type, and his rigid views of life and discipline were none too well received by his New York flock. According to an old historian he was a man of talents, learning and piety, a graceful and popular preacher, sternly orthodox, and domineering of disposition. Like Mr. Elder, he was bitterly opposed to Whitefield. On one occasion, after the great revivalist finished preaching, Parson Anderson rushed furiously to the stand to refute him but was restrained.

Mr. Anderson severed his connection with Paxton and Derry in 1732—according to Pastor William Downey's History he was never more than a stated supply—but did not die until 1740, being buried at old Donegal.

He had two wives, the first Mistress Suit Garland, daughter of Sylvester Garland, who died in 1736 after twenty-two years of married life. The following year, almost to the day, he married Rebecca Crawford.

The will of Parson Anderson gives a curious picture of the times as we find him bequeathing to his beloved wife Rebecca "ye use & services of ye negro wench Dinah." He also bequeaths her his son Thomas to be raised by her as her own child and specially desires that "he be brought up to learning & particularly to the ministry."

Rev. William Bertram

1732—1736

With the coming of Mr. Bertram to Paxton the church seems to have been first definitely organized, for in 1733 we find him presenting to

Presbytery, meeting that year in Upper Octorara, a list of men nominated by the congregation at Derry and Paxton for Ruling Elders. The first business, too, of the newly organized Presbytery of Donegal was the call of Mr. Bertram to these two churches. This was presented by Thomas Koster, George Renick, William Kunningham, Thomas Hays, for Paxton.

Mr. Bertram was born in Edinburgh in 1674 was graduated from its University, licensed to preach in Presbytery of Bangor, Ireland. He was installed at Derry Church, November 15, 1732. He was married in 1706, but his wife died early. In 1731 he came to America, where he later married Elizabeth Gillespie, sister of the Reverend George E. Gillespie, died in 1746 and was buried in the old grave yard at Derry.

The four years of his pastorate at Paxton seems to have been disturbed by disputes over his arrears of salary, which occupy at least five meetings of Presbytery in succession. This seems more a question of factional fights than of niggardliness, as besides his salary, the congregations made over to him the right to "The Indian Town" purchased from the Indians, a tract of over three hundred acres.

There was a law suit between George Renick and one Patrick Martin because Patrick did not fulfil his contract to saw a thousand feet of plank for Mr. Bertram's house. Because certain persons of Paxton did not contribute to this law suit, they complain they were suspended from church privileges. This bickering over money

continues until Mr. Bertram finds the care of the two churches onerous and begs to be relieved of one of them. Paxton offers him £60 salary and Derry £55, but the old man chooses Derry and Paxton is declared vacant in September, 1736. Whether this choice was guided by the nearness of his farm to Derry or by greater belligerency in his Paxton flock we can only guess.

Doubtless arrears were paid up later, as Presbytery does "lament and bewail this spirit of contention & uncharitable stiffness of temper," and the people of Paxton are urged "to put on a spirit of meekness, mutual forbearance & charitable condescension, lest if they bite and devour one another they be consumed of one another." Parson Elder was also directed to suspend from church privileges those who refused to pay up the arrears in Mr. Bertram's salary.

Notwithstanding these disputes, the church grew spiritually and materially under Parson Bertram, and the people at large were on harmonious terms with him.

Rev. John Elder

1738—1791

Parson Elder, by far the most important of the early pastors, has been treated of at length elsewhere. His was the longest charge of any in the history of the church. He was ordained and installed at Paxton, December 22, 1738—the manuscript of his ordination sermon still exists—and in his fifty-two years' pastorate the church

grew in numbers, until "the congregation was so large many could not obtain seats within the stone church," according to testimony coming down to us from one of the visitors to old Paxton in 1763.

From this same visitor, Miss Alexander, who with her father, Colonel Hugh Alexander, visited old Paxton meeting house in 1772, we get a most delightful picture of the church life in the days of Parson Elder. Many of us may recall the pleasure of this picture when Dr. George S. Chambers read the reminiscences to the great audience gathered to Paxton by the Sesqui-Centennial Celebration, and it seems well worth reprinting.

"Miss Alexander rode from Harris' Ferry to Paxton Church with her father for the morning service, arriving while the congregation was assembling. She observed in her ride how little grown timber there was between the Susquehanna and the church, it having been destroyed about twenty years before in the Indian War of 1755.

"Apparently all the men of the congregation were present; the church grove was filled with fine horses; vehicles of any sort were rare. The women were neatly, generally prettily clad, the men substantially, mostly in dark broadcloth, with buff waistcoat and short clothes. The crowd took their places in the decorous way of their Presbyterian fathers. Soon the service was opened by a large, broad-shouldered, very tall, well-clad clergyman, who wore a Geneva band,

his hair showing marks of advancing age. His manner was grave, and impressive, as much so as that of any man I have heard since. When she spoke of this she was seventy-five years of age. His style of delivery plain, very clear, and commanded the reverent attention of all. The music was led by a precentor. At the close of the service Colonel Alexander and his daughter were introduced to Rev. Mr. Elder. She was much struck by the refined address, dignity and ease of the clergyman."

His was not an easy charge. The sturdy Scotch-Irish are not wont to be acquiescent even to a deeply revered pastor; but the personality and deep religious fervor of Mr. Elder, one of the ablest men of his day, made for great spiritual growth as well as material prosperity.

An amusing story of Paxton's treatment of a supply in the eighteen months between Mr. Bertram and Mr. Elder illustrates a spirit of independence in the flock which it takes rare tact to handle. A Mr. Craighead was appointed a supply but didn't fill it because two of the elders wrote him the people would refuse to come out to hear him. This trouble came up to Presbytery—whose methods in those early days seem rather inquisitorial—and old Paxton was lectured severely "for such disrespect to our Presbyterial order and authority." Nor did the temporizing supply escape rebuke: he was sternly told he "should have staid and attempted to preach until they shut the doors against him."

Rev. Nathaniel Randolph Snowden

1793—1796

After nearly a two-year interval of supplies, Rev. Nathaniel Snowden was ordained pastor of Derry, Paxton and Harrisburg, on October 3, 1793, at an annual salary from each of £50. Coming after Parson Elder, who had endeared himself to the people during more than fifty years, and when there was already trouble between the city and the country charges, it is not surprising that the ministry of Mr. Snowden at Paxton lasted but two years and six months. In this short time he made a strong impression on his flock; those of the older generation often spoke of his profound learning and great piety.

Mr. Snowden was the first preacher of Paxton born on American soil. One of the five sons of Isaac Snowden, four of whom became ministers, he was born in Philadelphia in 1770, graduated from Princeton in 1787, and at various times in his life taught the classics at Carlisle, Lancaster and Franklin. About a year before coming to Paxton, he was married to Sara Gustine, who at the time of her death in 1852 was the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre, having escaped with her parents down the Susquehanna on a flat.

Barely a year after taking charge of the three congregations, we find Mr. Snowden seeking to be released from Derry, claiming the work was too much for his health. That such a claim was just we would agree even in this day of electric

trolleys. Not so thought our independent and plainspoken Scotch-Irish ancestors: in a letter to Presbytery in 1795, signed by John Rutherford and Joshua Elder, Paxton asks to cling to Derry rather than to the Harrisburg church, which had been formally organized in 1794. They say, "if Mr. Snowden is rendered incapable of undergoing the fatigue of three congregations in less than three years in the prime of life, by all probability he will not be able in a short time to attend to two congregations, and of consequence we shall be left without a pastor and the means of giving a call to another." Thus pastoral relations with the two country churches were severed in 1796, Mr. Snowden staying with the Harrisburg church until 1805.

Pastor Snowden came from a long line of Presbyterian ancestors, one of whom was the first elder ordained in Pennsylvania, perhaps in the United States; another started the subscription paper to found Princeton College, and gave the ground on which Nassau Hall was built. He was a man of wide learning and had unbounded faith even for an era when the mildest higher criticism would have been rank heresy. He died in 1850, at the home of his son, Dr. Snowden, at Freeport, Armstrong County.

Rev. Joshua Williams, D.D.

1799—1801

For more than three years poor old Paxton was again pastorless. Though well supplied by Presbytery, it speaks much for the strong Chris-

tion faith of these God-fearing farmers and their pious wives that they should have held together—nay grown—under such discouragements.

On October 2, 1799, Rev. Joshua Williams was ordained and installed pastor of the sister churches, to serve two-thirds of his time at Derry, with a salary of £120, while Paxton paid her accustomed £60 for her third. This seems to have been a period of disheartenment and a rapidly diminishing flock. The tide of westward migration had set in and the sons and daughters of the old church were rapidly seeking homes in the ever-widening frontiers. Again there were troubles before Presbytery about arrears in salary, and finally, Mr. Williams resigned in June, 1801, after a year and eight months service. That it was no fault of the pastor can be judged from his long and faithful ministry at Big Spring Church, Newville.

Joshua Williams, of Welsh descent, was born in Great Valley, Chester County, in 1765, the family moving soon after to Dillsburg, York County. He was graduated from Dickinson College, 1795, and licensed to preach by Carlisle Presbytery in 1797.

By nature quiet, retiring, of solemn manner, he was not one of the brilliant men of the church, but a hidden force whose sound judgment was highly respected by his brother clergymen.

He was a great reader and we are told that once, when he was bedfast for eight months, he read six volumes of Watson's Theology Tracts, a commentary on the Old Testament, the New Tes-

tament through twice, besides Edwards on the Will, which he re-read each year. He was one of the directors of the Harrisburg Library Company, organized in 1795.

Dr. Williams died in 1838 and was buried in the graveyard of Big Spring Church. After he left Derry and Paxton the practice of having the pastor president of a corporation of thirteen trustees ceased.

Rev. James Russel Sharon

1807—1843

It must have been a direct answer to the prayers of the faithful that Mr. Sharon was sent to Paxton and Derry after six years of supplies. During this time, James Adair, young and talented, was called in 1802, preached a number of Sundays, but died before he was installed, the Rev. James Snodgrass being paid £1.10 for preaching his funeral sermon.

For thirty-six years Mr. Sharon labored faithfully among his people, the longest pastorate, save Mr. Elder's, the old church has ever known, and the only minister in all these generations who died in office. He was visiting his daughter in Milton at the time and is buried in that town. Many years later this daughter said the family would be entirely agreed should Paxton congregation wish to remove his remains to our own graveyard, as her father always said, "Paxton was his Reuben!"

James Russel Sharon was born in Lost Creek Valley, now Juniata County, in 1775, was a

graduate of Dickinson College and was licensed by Carlisle Presbytery in 1806. He was installed pastor of the sister churches May 29, 1807. He was greatly beloved by his people and the years of his work were those of steady, if quiet growth, years so peaceful that they are uneventful from an earthly standpoint. Factional differences were over, there was no question of arrears of salary and for years after his lamented death his name was a household word in this congregation. Because of his justice and clemency, Parson Sharon was often asked by Presbytery to settle difficulties between sister churches or church factions. His decisions were rarely reversed.

Like Mr. Elder, Mr. Sharon was a practical farmer and lived on his farm near Derry. At first he gave two-thirds of his time to the Derry congregation; later he reversed this arrangement. During his pastorate the first extensive repairs were made on Paxton church.

The first Sunday School at Paxton was organized about 1820, and held its session in the Dauphin County almshouse, for the children of that institution. In a few years this school, including the almshouse children, was transferred to the church and continued for several years, when it was discontinued until about 1845. Miss Margaret Gray was the first superintendent. About this time she, with Mrs. Elizabeth Elder and Joseph Campbell, started a weekly prayer meeting, which was abandoned about the same time as the Sunday School.

In 1835 old Paxton Church was visited by thieves, who carried off the old Bible and pulpit hymn-book, now in the archives of the church. The loss was not discovered until the following Sabbath, when Mr. Sharon ascended the high pulpit. As he was giving Paxton but a third of his time then, before the next church service, three weeks later, the Bible was recovered; but the mystery of its loss was never solved. It was found by John Shaner, more generally known as "Jube," a bound boy in the family of John Bigger, and was secreted at the bottom of an oats bin in Mr. Bigger's stable at the Old Tavern. As it was neatly tied up in an old bag, together with the missing hymn book, it was none the worse for its travels and was used until soon after Mr. Williamson came. The first Bible, used by Parsons Elder, Snowden and Williams was replaced in 1830, but no one knows what became of it.

Mr. Sharon's name, by the way, was pronounced Sharr-on almost to rhyme with baron. After the Sesqui-Centennial celebration in 1890 one of the older members of his flock complained at the modern pronunciation of the name as it is spelled. He writes: "No one likes to have his name miscalled: it is an offense against good manners, and that offense is not lessened when applied to the dead who cannot reply. I well remember the towering voice of ruling elder and precentor Jordan, as he would stand in the south door each Sabbath morning and call to us gathered in the grove, 'Gentlemen! Mr. Sharr-on has gone in.'"

Rev. John Marshall Boggs

1845—1847

After two more years of supplies in which we find Mr. Boggs, a licentiate of Donegal Presbytery, preaching for Derry and Paxton, he was finally called in 1844. He was not ordained, however, until the following year, as he asked permission to go to Princeton Theological Seminary for the winter as a graduate student. On April 9, 1845, he was ordained and installed in Paxton church by the Carlisle Presbytery.

John Marshall Boggs was born near Cross Creek, Pennsylvania, in 1818, and was graduated from Franklin College, Indiana, in 1840. For the next few years he was a professor of languages at Towanda, Pennsylvania; thus Paxton was his first charge.

On resigning from Derry and Paxton in 1847, he went to Millersburg, Ohio, where he remained from 1848-1856. In that year he became Stated Supply of the Presbyterian Church at Independence, Iowa, and the following year was elected pastor, remaining there from 1857-1869. From 1871-1872 he was Financial Agent of Lenox Institution, Hopkinton, Iowa, but died on September 1, 1872, at Independence, Iowa.

His short ministry with the sister churches was uneventful. The Sunday School and prayer meeting at Paxton were revived under the leadership of Robert Elder, but again discontinued when Mr. Boggs resigned and Mr. Elder became connected with the Harrisburg church. There is

an interesting old subscription paper dated August 6, 1844, in which subscriptions for the Sabbath School library, amounting to \$44.25 were paid to Mr. S. S. Rutherford.

Though his sojourn at Paxton was brief, Mr. Boggs was very popular. He was an able preacher, a good pastor and a hard worker. His kindly nature was so marked it made a deep impression on a child's heart, and he is vividly remembered after all these years by one of Paxton's present members.

Rev. Andrew Dinsmore Mitchell

1850—1874

After another three years of a pastorless condition, in which time the interior of the church was entirely torn out and remodelled, the congregation was rewarded with another long pastorate, that of Rev. Andrew Dinsmore Mitchell, who for nearly twenty-four years was in charge of the sister congregations. Derry by this time was nearly defunct and Mr. Mitchell was the last Paxton parson to preach in the old log church. At his death the union that had lasted, at least, a hundred and fifty-eight years was dissolved.

Mr. Mitchell was born in York County, Pennsylvania, in 1829, was graduated from Jefferson College in 1841, and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1844.

By this time Paxton seems to be getting more of the pastor's care, as we see the congregation paying \$300 a year, while Derry paid \$200.

About five years after Mr. Mitchell came the first manse was built, in 1855—1856. Again the Sunday School and prayer meeting were revived, under the leadership of Joshua Elder. In later years he was succeeded in the superintendency by David and James Elder.

During Mr. Mitchell's time, at least, three changes were made on the interior of the church, one of them forced by the falling of part of the ceiling, not discovered until the congregation assembled for worship one Sunday morning. Benches were taken outdoors and the service was held under the giant oaks south of the church, to the great delight of the younger members of the congregation.

Toward the latter part of Mr. Mitchell's ministry the congregation began to dwindle rapidly, owing to families dying out, moving into Harrisburg, or going West.

Many hardships, too, were wrought by the Civil War. Again we see Old Paxton nobly bearing her part for her country's good. Her men "went to the front," and her women, left sorrowing at home, spent the anxious years in sewing for the soldiers or carrying many of the dainties of which we read in this book to the sick soldiers at Camp Curtin. Sometimes whole companies from the neighboring camps would attend church in a body and Mr. Mitchell frequently held services at camp on Sunday evening.

Mr. Mitchell was a man of bright mind and genial nature; an excellent pastor and much liked by his people. He was a good Scriptural

preacher, and though he may have lacked initiative somewhat, was an earnest, faithful man, who can scarcely be held responsible for the weakened condition of the church during his later years.

Upon his resignation in 1874, Mr. Mitchell became a chaplain of the United States Army, dying on duty at Fort Grant, Arizona, March, 1882.

Rev. William Walton Downey

1875—1878

The next pastor, the first to rule over Paxton alone, was Rev. William Downey, who was installed April 29, 1875, a few months after the resignation of Mr. Mitchell.

He was born in Charlestown, West Virginia, in 1849, was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, and graduated from Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, 1872. He was licensed by Winchester Presbytery, May 29, 1872, ordained 1873 and came to us from Falling Rivers, where he was pastor from 1873-1874, and at the end of his short ministry here he went to Duncannon, where he remained until 1881. He did not preach for the next seven years, living near Martinsburg, West Virginia, but from 1888-1889 was pastor at Havre de Grace, Maryland.

At the first appearance of old Paxton in her modern dress, in June, 1888, Mr. Downey, then the only living ex-pastor, preached the sermon. He died very suddenly, being found dead on a

couch while visiting in Port Deposit, Maryland, May 21, 1889, so was not here for the Sesqui-Centennial celebration in 1890.

During his years with us the congregation kept growing smaller and smaller and it was only the Christian faith and hard work of a few faithful families that kept it together. This was no fault of the minister, an earnest, able, eloquent man, much liked by the younger members of his flock, though some of the older people thought him "not quite sound" in his Calvinism.

Mr. Downey published a history of Paxton Church, the first, as far as can be discovered, that was written, though both Parson Elder and Mr. Sharon kept voluminous and methodical records of marriages, baptisms and deaths. This has proved of much interest owing to the loss of the church records which occurred some years later.

Rev. William A. West, D.D. (Supply)

1878—1887

That word "supply" may recognize the official connection of Rev. William A. West with Paxton Church, but it poorly expresses the debt we owe this good man and faithful pastor, who for nine years, besides building up a mission church in Harrisburg, filled the part of preacher, pastor and friend in need to this congregation.

He came at a time of great stress, when the fate of this ancient church hung in the balance. Through his untiring devotion, great spiritual-

ity, practical Christianity, and gentle, tactful nature, the congregation was held together, nay grew. Under his influence, on October 12, 1878, was formed the Woman's Missionary Society, which has for thirty-five years been a power for good, not alone to the church in far distant lands, but to the people right here in "old Paxton Meeting House." In 1882 the Young People's Missionary Society was also started.

Mr. West was born at Landisburg, Perry County, Feb. 25, 1825. As a boy he was educated in the New Bloomfield Academy, teaching there when but 17 years old. He later taught in Middletown, Maryland, for a year during his college life, and was graduated from Marshall College, Mercersburg, Pa., in 1849, and in 1852 from the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa.

Uniting with the Presbyterian church of New Bloomfield, in 1843, Mr. West was licensed by the Presbytery of Carlisle at Hagerstown, Md., April 14, 1852, and was ordained and installed at the Upper Path Valley church, June 3, 1853. Fifty years later a celebration in honor of that half-century of preaching was held at the McConnellsburg Presbyterian Church, where Mr. West was then pastor.

In 1873, Mr. West came to Harrisburg to found the Westminster Church, then a mission of Pine Street and Market Square Presbyterian churches, remaining until 1890. For nine of those hard-working years Mr. West came to Paxton for a two o'clock service each Sunday afternoon.

Later Mr. West supplied the Second Presbyterian Church of Carlisle for a year, 1891; the church at York Springs as supply, and the Biddle Mission, Carlisle, 1892; the Kennedy Memorial Church of Welsh Run, 1893-1898; President of Metzger College, Carlisle, 1898-1900; and his last charge, the McConnellsburg and Green Hill churches, 1900-1907.

Mr. West died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. William Jennings, in Duncannon, September 26, 1909, at the rich age of 85. He was married in 1853 to Miss Jennie M. Waddell, of Mercersburg. Of his family of eight children two have been foreign missionaries since 1883, Miss Annie Blythe West being at present in Japan, and his son, Robert, at Beirut, Syria, until his death, a few years ago.

Rev. Albert Barnes Williamson

1887—1894

With the coming of Mr. Williamson, a young man fresh from the Theological Seminary, old Paxton seems to have renewed her youth, the congregation, though still small, was inspired to fresh effort and we see the beginnings of more of the institutions for good that are carried on to-day.

During his pastorate was begun the Christian Endeavor Society in 1890. A Bible Class for men and women was started in the Sunday School, and for the first time evening church was held.

The church was modernized completely in 1887 and 1888, and was also first lighted in 1892. On August 24, 1894, the manse was partially destroyed by fire.

On September 18, 1890, the Sesqui-Centennial celebration of the laying of the corner stone of Paxton Church in 1740 was held. It was an all day session, and gathered to do honor to the old church were her children from near and far; also representatives of the churches that are daughters of old Paxton, six of Harrisburg, and one from Dauphin, from Steelton, and Middletown. The church was decorated with autumn colorings and a large platform was erected outside as the services were held in the open air. No one who was in the grove that beautiful September day will ever forget those impressive ceremonies of which an entire book has been written. Here were assembled descendants of many of the hardy pioneers, and among them a grandchild of Parson Elder, Mrs. Sara Elder Doll, of Harrisburg. Grandchildren of Mr. Snowden and Mr. Williams were among the speakers.

Albert Barnes Williamson was born at Sidney, New Jersey, in 1858, and was prepared for college by his father. He was graduated from Lafayette in 1884, attended the Union Theological Seminary, 1885, graduated in 1887 from Princeton Theological Seminary and was ordained and installed at Paxton Church, June 16 of the same year, remaining until October, 1894. He became pastor of Mountain Presbyterian

Church, Delaware Water Gap, Pennsylvania, remaining until 1908, when he assumed his present charge, the First Presbyterian Church of Bloomsbury, New Jersey.

In 1887, Mr. Williamson married Miss Frances Eva Conover and brought her to the manse. On the night of the reception given them by the congregation the young couple nearly lost their lives from coal gas, caused by bricks falling in the chimney.

Mr. Williamson was the first minister since Mr. Mitchell's time to preach at Derry. He held evening services in the new building that has replaced the historic log structure.

Like some of his early predecessors, Mr. Williamson was a born farmer: he greatly improved the manse garden, planted the grape arbors which bear luxuriantly even yet, and raised successfully both vegetables and chickens. He also had a natural knack at carpentry and fixed a shop for himself in the loft of the old stable that formerly stood on the manse grounds. As he was equally fond of hunting, he combined his two pleasures by cutting slits in the walls of his work shop and when a stray rabbit or partridge loomed in sight shot at it with his old gun, which he kept in readiness.

An active, hardworking, faithful pastor and good Gospel preacher, the church continued to grow during the seven years of his pastorate.

Rev. Luther Davis

1896—1901

Again came two years of supplies, with the last three months of the time filled by a brilliant and very popular young Irishman, Alexander Essler, then a student in Princeton Theological Seminary. To him we are indebted for recommending Rev. Luther Davis, one of his classmates in the seminary, who came to us fresh from his graduation and was ordained in the church, July 7, 1896.

Young as he was, Mr. Davis made a deep impression on the congregation, as much by his lovable nature as by his fine mind and scholarly preaching. The tie between him and his people was close and strong, and he was much lamented when, in June, 1901, he was ordered west for his health. He became pastor of the Graham Memorial Church, Coronado, California, 1902-6; Presbyterian Church of Petaluma, California, 1906-07.

Mr. Davis was a native of Phillipsburg, N. J., being born in 1871. He was graduated from Lafayette College in 1891 and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1896. After returning from Petaluma in 1907, he became pastor of the Blairstown Presbyterian Church the same year, dying there in 1909.

Though always fragile, Mr. Davis did not permit ill-health to interfere with his work as pastor and preacher. During his pastorate the Women's Bible Class was started in the Sunday

School, with Mrs. Ada Barbour as teacher; Mr. Davis also held a Bible study class for young people, which met at the manse one afternoon each week.

Very fond of music, Mr. Davis was instrumental in introducing our present hymnals. That the congregation might more quickly learn to love the new hymns, he taught them to the young people of the church after the Sunday evening service.

During his pastorate the porte-cochere at the eastern entrance to the church was erected and presented to the congregation by Mrs. James Boyd, in 1900.

Interested in everything that affected the beauty of historic Paxton, Mr. Davis had an Arbor Day in 1897 and young trees were planted all over the grove to replace the old ones that were beginning to die. These trees were named after the different pastors of the church and Mr. Davis himself set out the one that bears his name. In 1899 and 1900 the hedge of Tartarian honeysuckle was planted around the grounds of the church.

What this much loved pastor and remarkable man was is perhaps best shown by this tribute of the Rev. John C. Sharp, D.D., principal of Blair Academy, Blairstown, New Jersey, where Mr. Davis—Luther Davis as he is still affectionately known, spent the last days of his ministry. In writing to Mr. Mulock in regard to the admission of a boy whom Mr. Davis had baptized, he says: "We are always

glad to do anything we can for anybody who was in any way associated with our beloved pastor, Luther Davis. We greatly admired and loved him. I think he was the most wonderful preacher I ever heard, and his personal character was as highly esteemed as his ability as a preacher."

Rev. Darwin Frank Pickard

1901—1905

Barely three months after Mr. Davis had regretfully laid down his work at Paxton, another young man came to us fresh from the seminary, to be ordained in Paxton Church, October 4, 1901. The memory of Rev. Darwin F. Pickard is too vivid, his work among us too recent to need revivifying to present-day Paxton. He was young, he was untried, but he soon made himself felt and in his four years' ministry was a power for good among our people.

Darwin Pickard was born in Syracuse, New York, in 1875, and was graduated from Hamilton College in the class of 1897, and from Auburn Theological Seminary in 1901. He resigned from Paxton Church in November, 1905, to accept a call to Albion, New York, where he remained until July, 1912, when he accepted a call to his present pastorate, the First Presbyterian Church of Watertown, New York.

Mr. Pickard was an exceptionally able preacher for one so young and an interested, progressive worker among his people and his



The Chapel Doorway.
A Fine Example of Colonial Architecture.

pastorate was a time of quiet but steady growth. During it the Woman's Aid Society was organized, Jan. 10, 1903, for the purpose of assisting the trustees in the care of the church property. In October of the same year the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Woman's Missionary Society was celebrated with interesting ceremonies. In 1905 was formed the Cheerful Givers, a missionary society for the children.

It was during Mr. Pickard's time that the church was blessed with the gift of the Chapel Building, presented by Mr. and Mrs. James Boyd and dedicated with interesting ceremonies, July 30, 1905. At this time, too, the last change was made on the interior of the church, when it became lighted by electricity, that marvelous force of nature whose power Benjamin Franklin was just beginning dimly to comprehend when the old stone walls were built.

Mr. Pickard's tie with old Paxton is a close one: after leaving her he returned to marry one of her daughters, Miss E. Virginia Rutherford. This brings him back often to his first charge, where he is always welcomed gladly by the congregation, who have not forgotten his days of earnest work for her and his loving interest in her welfare.

Rev. Edwin McCord Mulock

1906—

Rapidly growing into the class of the long ministries of old Paxton is Rev. Edward McCord Mulock, who is now entering his eighth year of

service on our behalf. Those eight years have been a period of steady growth in numbers and interest; the membership of the church has nearly doubled. When he was installed on November 1, 1906, the church had 79 on its rolls; since then 67 members have been received, making the present membership 126, the church having lost 20 members, six by death and 14 by removal.

The Sunday School, in its commodious new quarters, has also grown apace, having an enrollment of 205, including two organized adult classes with 75 members, and a Primary Department of 50 members.

During this period of seven years the congregation has given for church support \$11,444 and for benevolent purposes \$5,626, or a total of \$17,070. This is truly generous for so small a church and in itself shows the awakened interest of the people.

But it is not in figures that a man's record is to be read. Numerical prosperity is good, but personality is more: it is by his hold on the hearts of his people, by his influence on the young men of the congregation, by his untiring effort for the good of old Paxton, spiritually and materially, that the real power of Mr. Mulock is felt. He is a strong type of the modern, manly Christian who believes religion to be a help for everyday life, and lives his belief. Mr. Mulock is fond of outdoor life, is athletic in his tastes, yet has a fine literary appreciation and is a close student, as his sermons reveal.

Born in Smithboro, Tioga County, New York,

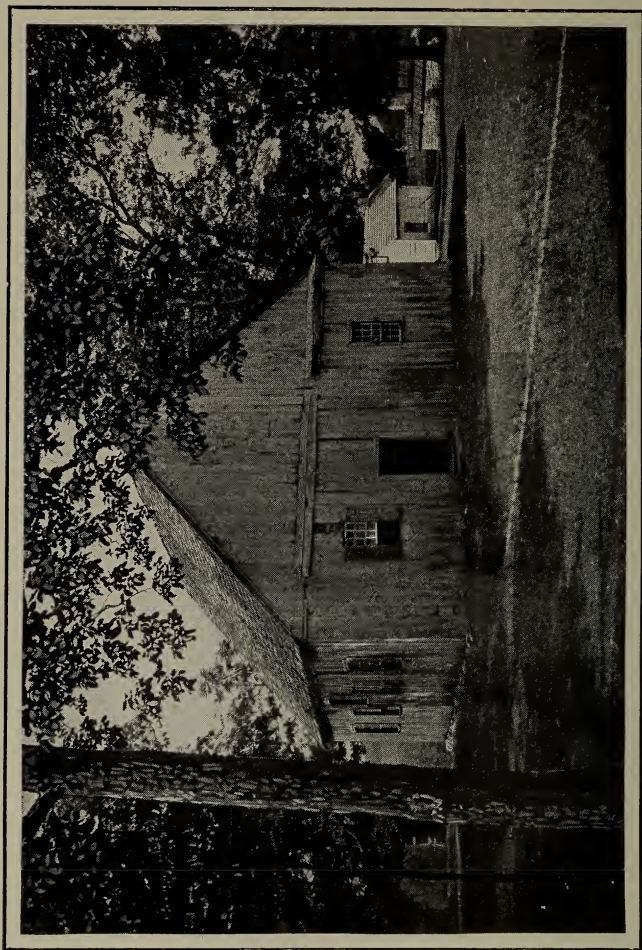
Edwin McCord Mulock had his early education at Mercersburg Academy—later, his first charge after his ordination by Clarion Presbytery, September 27, 1905, and where he remained until coming to Paxton in 1906. He was graduated from Princeton University in 1902 and from Princeton Seminary, 1905.

On April 25, 1907, Mr. Mulock was married to Miss Marjorie Crissy Green, of Rosemont, Pennsylvania, who has proved herself, indeed, that most difficult thing for the modern girl to be, a real helpmeet to her minister husband. Two young sons have come to make merry the old manse.

During the pastorate of Mr. Mulock the James Boyd Men's Bible Class was organized in October, 1910, with the pastor as teacher. This class has brought many young men into active church life.

In these years, too, have come the erection of the Memorial Gate to the old graveyard by the Harrisburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in 1906; the first meeting of Presbytery held at Paxton in forty years on September 28-29, 1909, and the unveiling and dedicatory services of the James and Louisa Yeomans Boyd memorial tablet in 1911.

Truly, Paxton, aged in years, is as vital and earnest in her Christian activities under this, her last, pastor as in the days when Parsons Anderson, Bertram and Elder were laying this stronghold of Presbyterianism in central Pennsylvania, nearly two hundred years ago.



Old Derry Church.

XIII

OLD DERRY—OUR SISTER CHURCH

The story of Paxton would be incomplete without touching on the separate life of Old Derry, our sister church, to whom we were linked by the closest ties for more than a century and a half. Derry, to-day, in her modern garb, stands alone, but her early history and ours were so nearly one that her records were lost in the fire that destroyed ours; and the monographs on our ministry up to the close of Mr. Mitchell's regime is the story of her pastorate as well.

The church-building, intrepid Scotch-Irish, whose infestment of the frontiers was the bane of the Penn government in Philadelphia, were shrewd as well as religious; they never built a church closer than ten miles to the next one, and they did not start that building until sure of subscriptions and maintenance. Thus we see a group of churches starting up in all this part of Pennsylvania, with no definite date for the actual beginning of any.

Derry, Donegal and Paxton seemingly started near the same time, at least coming into organized form with Donegal Presbytery in 1732, all have their early days semi-traditional for lack of curate records in the Newcastle Presbytery, to which they belonged.

Donegal, less intimately connected with us, was the most prominent in those days. Her first pastor, Rev. James Anderson, the only one the three churches had in common, gave to Derry a fifth and to Paxton a sixth of his time after 1726. The date of its church building is uncertain. There seems to have been a small log structure first. The deed of the glebe, 200 acres, is dated June 4, 1740, and the present church is supposed to have been erected after that, and was remodelled in 1772.

When Conrad Weiser came up the Swatara in 1723 he found that stream so thickly occupied by the Scotch-Irish that he went further into the wilds for his German settlement. And there was in 1720 a settlement of sufficient size around Spring Creek to make possible a "missionating" tour in the "barrens of Derry."

The traditional start of Derry was in a meeting held in the latter part of April, 1724, near the head of Spring Creek. Here those eminent Calvinists, George Gillespie, David Evans and Robert Cross preached to the men of the countryside with vigor and power. Gathered under the trees that day were such men of Derry as the Clarks, Campbells, Blacks and Boyds, Roland Chambers, James Hamilton, James Harris, William McCord, John Mitchell and Malcolm Kar. There must have been women there too, for the name of one of them has come down to us, though only as the sister of John McCosh.

Whether the first church of Derry, a small log structure about a mile and a half from the

present church, near the head of Spring Creek, was built before or after this grove meeting is unknown. Traditionally it was erected in 1720. We do know that the church was there, on the farm of Samuel Wingert; that there was also a graveyard, and from it was transferred to his present resting place the body of Patrick Campbell, who died in 1735. This is the earliest date to be found on the weatherbeaten stones of present-day Derry burial ground.

Whether the second church was erected on the present Derry site in 1729 or 1732 is again uncertain. The land office was opened in the latter year, also we find the name Derry on the first page of Donegal Presbytery minutes. Formerly it was known as the Congregation of Spring Creek. This was a log building, 23x25 feet, clap-boarded on the outside. It was enlarged some years later.

In 1769 was built the church known to the previous generation as "Old Derry." This was a third log building, almost square, measuring 38x39 feet. It was repaired in 1831 at the cost of \$500, and after the pastorate of Mr. Mitchell, when services were no longer held there, it was neglected until it was taken down in 1883 as dangerous.

Anyone who has seen that historic old building, with its clap-boarded walls,—once painted yellow but never repainted apparently—and its fascinating interior must regret that an appreciation of the past did not strike Pennsylvania a

decade earlier, when restoration of the quaint old church was still possible.

The interior had ceiling and walls of planks none too carefully sealed, and bitter draughts must have wafted in from the grove. An aisle ran through the church north and south, with a door at either end, and there were two cross aisles leading to two other doors on the west side. About thirty-five pews faced the pulpit from various directions. These were unpainted, straight, high backed and closed by a gate. Not comfortable, possibly, but greatly to be lamented from a picturesque standpoint.

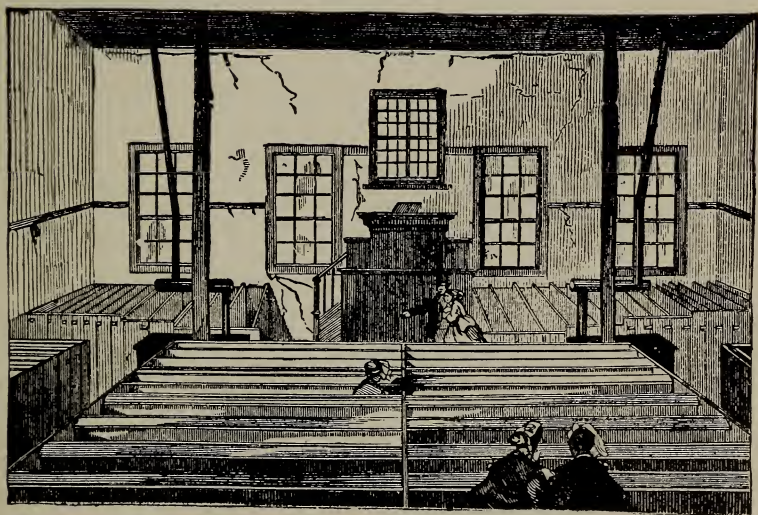
The pulpit, which stood against the east wall and to the left of the main aisle, may not have tempted a relapse hunter to theft. It was of red walnut, dark with age, three feet wide with a circular front and so high that the parson could not be seen below his white stock—not then if under size—when, having closed the door at the head of the steep, narrow stairs leading to his lofty perch, he faced his flock far beneath him.

Below the pulpit was another enclosed box somewhat wider in dimension. Here the precentor—usually the leading elder if he had the faintest pretence of a voice—lined out the psalms and hymns for the congregation.

The present church, in whose building Mrs. Charles Bailey, of Harrisburg, and Mrs. G. Dawson Coleman, of Lebanon, were the prime movers, had the corner stone laid Thursday morning, October 2, 1884. It was a gala occa-



Old Derry Church—Before 1875.



Interior of Old Derry Church.

sion for the old church. Gathered from far and wide were descendants of early pastors and worshippers, to listen to deeds of the past and plan for a greater future.

The floor was temporarily boarded over, the old pulpit was stood at one side and an organ and choir imported for the service. This choir was composed of well known singers of that day, chiefly from Market Square and Pine Street Presbyterian churches. They were: Mrs. J. W. Deeter, Mrs. G. M. McCauley, Mr. and Mrs. E. Z. Gross, Miss Chayne, Miss Helen Espy, Miss Mollie Bingham, Mrs. John Garner, Dr. H. B. Buehler, John P. Charlton, George Rinehart, William A. Robinson and George R. Fleming, with Miss Mary Sergeant at the organ.

A. Boyd Hamilton presided. There were addresses by Judge Simonton and Dr. Egle; Rev. Samuel A. Martin, of Lebanon, preached; and there were prayers by Rev. George S. Chambers, D.D., and Rev. William West, D.D. The corner stone was laid by Mrs. Charles L. Bailey and Mrs. William E. Guilford, of Lebanon, direct descendants of Parson Elder, assisted by Mrs. Mary H. Hickock, Miss Martha Alricks and Dr. James Kerr, of York, descended from prominent members of the early Derry Church.

At the close of the services the ladies of Lebanon served lunch in the old session house, the proceeds going to help pay for the church.

Later, the stained glass windows were given in memory of the pastors of old Derry and of some of the prominent parishioners. The beau-

tiful medallion window above the pulpit was presented by the Bailey family and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert McCauley in honor of Parson Elder. Some of these windows were the gift of descendants, as those of Mr. Snowden, Mr. Bertram, James Wilson, James Galbreath; most were given by contributions from Sunday schools of different Presbyterian churches—that to James Adair by Christ Church, Lebanon; to Joshua Williams, by Lancaster Presbyterian Church; to John Marshall Boggs by Market Square Church, Harrisburg, and to Andrew Dinsmore Mitchell by Pine Street Church, Harrisburg.

The story of Derry's early ministry is told elsewhere. Parson Bertram and Rev. John Roan were the only ones who had Derry alone. The latter, born in 1717, was from Greenshaw, Ireland, a weaver by trade, who emigrated to America and taught school to carry on his theological studies in the famous old "Log College." He was licensed by the Newcastle Presbytery in 1744, and came to Derry the following year, to become pastor of the "New Side" faction of Derry, Paxton and Conewago. He died on October 2, 1775, when Derry and Paxton again were united under Parson Elder.

With the building of the new church, Rev. Albert Williamson, of Paxton, held services at Derry in the evening; but he was not the joint pastor of the sister churches, as in the early days.

After Mr. Williamson left, Rev. John H. Groff drove over from Middletown to preach to the Derry people, so sure was he that the old church had a future. During the first part of this

decade, from 1895-1905 he came every four weeks in the evening; later, he came every alternate fortnight in the afternoon. It was discouraging work, and one of pure self-sacrifice, as the congregation was small and widely scattered.

Mr. Groff was followed in 1905-1906 by Rev. Edward P. Robinson. Then came a period of summer supplies and occasional services in winter until the coming of Rev. C. Benjamin Segelken in 1909, who, in the two years of his pastorate, did a good work and started many new enterprises. Rev. John McDonald was minister from January, 1911, to May, 1912. The present pastor, Rev. George Rentz, has only been in charge since March last, long enough, though, to prove his usefulness as a builder up of this historic church.

The surroundings of old Derry are most interesting. The glebe presented to the congregation by William Penn in 1717 numbered 160 acres of woodland which might be sold down to its present amount, seven acres, which must be kept by the church in perpetuity. In this grove are many rare old oaks and a famous spring recently made sanitary, walled and beautified as one of the many beneficences of Mr. Milton S. Hershey.

To the west of the church, still standing, is the original old session house, supposedly built in 1732. This log building, with its big fireplace, has been used through the years as school house and study. At times it took the place of the kitchen in the modern institutional church, as

between morning and afternoon service in the early days, a huge kettle was hung in the fireplace and coffee and tea made for the congregation, many of whom had driven long distances from their farms.

There was a sexton's house nearby, but this, too, has been torn down and rebuilt through the kindness of Mr. Hershey. The old sexton, J. P. Hatton, was an interesting character, especially in his later days, and to his vivid imagination and love of anecdote may be traced some of the traditions that give color to the tale of Derry's beginnings. It would be pleasant, for instance, to think that William Penn tied his horse to the old oak—but in those days the church, if built at all, was at Wingert's.

Then, that tale about the old pewter communion service being a gift of royalty and made in the time of King Richard! This old pewter is beautiful enough and valuable enough not to need enhancing by a romantic tongue. It bears the touch mark of Richard King, London, on the tankard, and the date 1783. Curiously, an old receipt has been found that seems to point to the cups being of another date; or the rest of the service may have been ordered through the Philadelphia merchant. It reads:

Phila. March 5. 1788

Robert Clark, Esq.

Bot of Wm. Will

4 Communion Cups 12 s, 6 d.	£2.10
Cr't by 6 lbs of pewter	5

Rec'd Contents.

2.5.

WM. WILL.

This pewter, which originally consisted of four cups and platters and a wine pitcher, is of such historic interest and beauty that it should be kept some place on exhibition, where the many visitors to Hershey may see it and thus grow interested in the old church. With it might go the old walnut table and two chairs, which are nearly two hundred years old and are yet in use in the church proper.

There are few more interesting graveyards in this part of the country than that at Derry. Within the stone walls are to be found the ancestors of many of the prominent families in this part of the country. The inscriptions on those limestone slabs that cover the Wilsons, Galbreaths, Hamiltons, Bertrams, Roans are becoming defaced by time, but the interested visitor will find an hour in the burying ground most repaying.

According to the late Colonel Joseph McCarrell Leeper, of Newburg, New York, the men of Derry were not alone ancestors of the near-great but of the great in America's history. The blood of old Parson Bertram, whose daughter married James Galbreath, was in President McKinley and James G. Blaine, as in years gone by Patrick McKinley and Ephraim Blaine each married a Galbreath.

The contract drawn up January 7, 1771, between the "Comis'nors chusen by Mr. Elder's Congregation in London Dery township and J. Montgomery, mason, James Rogers and James McCluer" to build the wall around the old bury-

ing ground is equally interesting, for its specifications "to bild or caus to be bild a sufience stone wall, laid in lime and sand, painted inside and out and as well fraged on the top, as the stone on the Meeting Hous Land will allow, this wall to be bild twenty inches thick, five feet and a half high, with the foundation sunk one foot in the grown with a pilor on each side of the gate two feet squair, from the foundation seven and a half feet high"—and for its English as it is spelled. What about "the good old spellers before the day of phonetics," of whom we constantly hear?

This wall was to be finished by "Augst nix Ensuing for the just price of thirty-nine pounds, good money of Pensl. to be paid when the work is Doen." The workmanship happily was not on a par with the spelling and the old wall still stands, though it was thoroughly repaired, the tombstones cleaned and the ground leveled up in 1842. Like Paxton, the ground has been buried over at least twice. An old chronicler writes that when he knew it the graves and paths were almost entirely covered by flowering thyme.

Just why Derry weakened while Paxton throve is hard to say. The emigration of 1763 hit her harder, perhaps. Certainly it was from no lack of courage in the people. Even the women abounded in it: in an account of a Whig wedding at Derry, when William Clangham married Jennie Roan on June 11, 1778, we find all the young unmarried women at the wedding, forming a Whig association with a vow "never

to marry any gentleman until he had first proved himself a patriot in readily turning out when called to defend his country from slavery, as we do not wish to be mothers of a race of slaves and cowards."

Perhaps the lack was in a sense of humor, that saving grace which lifts one over bad places in life. Certainly, judged from some of the epitaphs on the old slabs in Derry church to-day, the pioneers of Derry "revelled in horrors," were not so cheerful as their neighbors "up the valley."

If in search for the lugubrious, how is this sentiment under which lies James Campbell, who died in 1771, at the age of eighty years:

"Under this stone lies entombed
James Campbell's Dust you see
Who was as healthy and as strong
As many that may be
But now by Death whom all devours
Is laid upon this cell.
With crawling worms and reptiles base
He is obliged to dwell
You that these lines do look upon
May also call to mind
That Death will be your certain fate
Therefore improve your time."

Scarcely more cheerful is the thought under which evidently rests an invalid:

"Affliction sore she often bore
I hope none were in vain"

The choicest of all makes vivid the death of David Mitchell in 1786. True, we get a picture

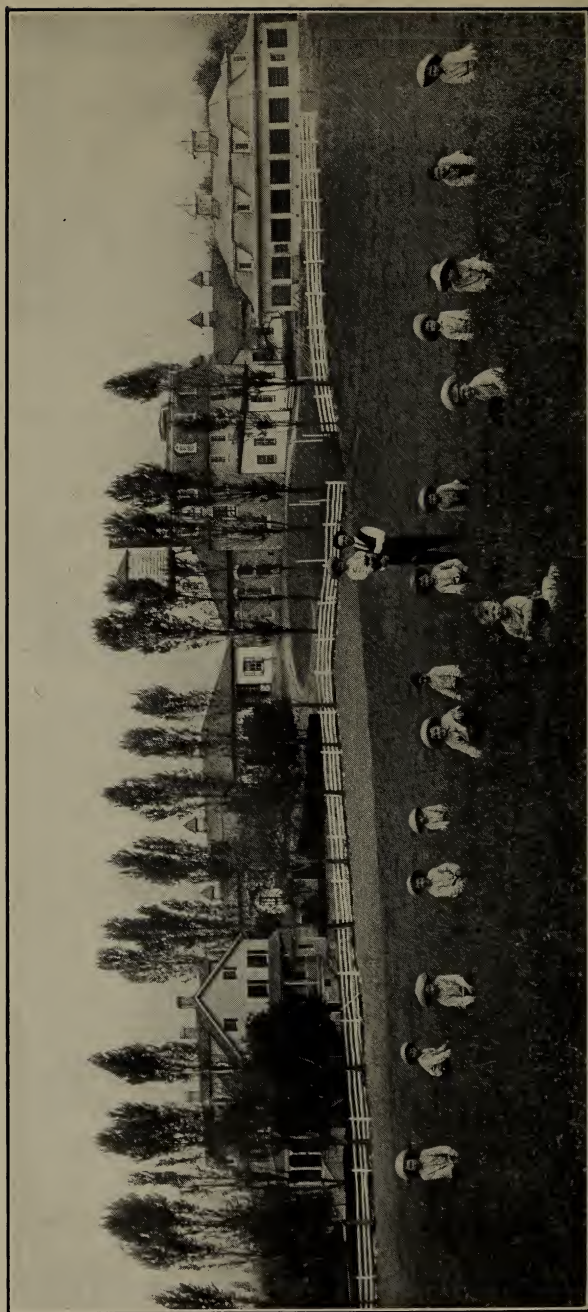
of wonderful virtue in the first lines of the epitaph before we read :

“A mortal paralytic stroke
Quickly befell the man of work
On Sabbath morning going to church
Before 'twas night a breathless corpse
Ye who do read these lines be wise
And watchful still prepared be
None knows the hour when they must launch
Into a vast eternity.”

But we must not linger with Derry of the past, when its name is being spread over the world through the medium of one of the boys of Derry who barely eight years ago, in 1905, returned to his native place to make it famous, even to give it his name.

What Mr. Milton S. Hershey, though not a Presbyterian, has done for old Derry Church in beautifying its grounds and contributing to its support is a small part of his work for the uplift of this community. He found a lethargic village; he has made a live town—so well governed, so up-to-date, so prosperous, that it is known far and wide as a model for other manufacturing communities.

But it is not of Hershey from the civic and commercial side that we would speak; though even here the strong men of old Derry, with their Scotch-Irish thrift and love of justice, would be most approving, nor even of that work of Mr. Hershey which would rejoice the heart of its first farmer-parson, Mr. Bertram—the model farms, the great dairies or the last experimental farms



Hershey Home for Orphan Boys.

where he is testing the feasibility of raising a cow on an acre of ground.

The preachings of the older Derry are being practiced to-day in Hershey by a practical Christianity, a broad humanitarianism and a true philanthropy that are all too rare in this self-seeking age.

Do you say Mr. Hershey is not living old Derry ideals? Back in the ancient burying ground is old Catharine Steel, consort of David Steele, who in her long life of over eighty years raised nineteen orphan children—so her tombstone tells us. Far across the valley in the old stone homestead on the Horseshoe Pike, Mr. Hershey is raising *forty* orphan boys to be useful men and good citizens.

Literature would have lost that epigrammatic and disgruntled foundling, Mary Cary, had its author known only the Hershey Industrial School for Orphan Boys. It is not an institution—it is a home. The spirit of the home reigns in the happy faces of the children, who are taken between two and four years of age and kept until eighteen years of age; it is seen in the dainty touches about the two houses; the pretty bed appointments with gay quilts to suit childish taste, in the ample provision for amusements indoors and out; in the lack of a distinctive uniform, so hateful to a sensitive nature.

There is not much red tapeism about this home. The child's father must be dead and the mother must be dependent; after that preference is given to the orphans from Dauphin, Lebanon

and Cumberland Counties; and the boy must stay until he is eighteen, as his education could not otherwise be completed.

There are forty orphans there now. The tiny tots under six years are in the annex, with its two governesses and trained kindergartner and a well equipped kindergarten building near by, with a small hospital above it. The older boys are in the roomy old homestead, with not far off the large building that has a play room for rainy days, a bright school room with two stands of growing plants, and, beyond, the work room where already these small boys have learned carpentry and are now making the beds for the new dormitory about to be built.

There is routine, naturally, discipline, hard work and harder study—all these must go to the making of a man—but there is besides plenty of play and even the refining interest of music. Those little fellows are now learning to read music and later there will be a band.

That they are happy and well their bright faces and sturdy bodies show; that they appreciate what is being done for them and love the donor none could fail to know who saw even the babies of the kindergarten rush out to the automobile, then turn back swiftly as they plaintively said, "We fot you was Mr. Hershey."

But those ideals of old Derry do not stop in their fulfillment at the homestead. In the town and beyond there is a great sociological work going on that must be but briefly mentioned, yet is comparable in its scope to that being done

through many agencies in our large cities. Here it is the work of one man with a big heart and a wise head.

The children of the town are not forgotten, whether they romp the summer through in their own special playgrounds in the park or attend the free kindergarten in winter. The boys of Hershey need not seek saloons—none in the town by the way—when they have better amusement in swimming pool and gymnasium at the Y. M. C. A. building, fully equipped by Mr. Hershey, or in the moving picture shows that are given in that auditorium twice each week. The girls and women are not slighted, for they, too, have a gymnasium, a cafeteria, a library and rest rooms in a Young Woman's Christian Association plant that owes its splendid equipment to the same generous backer.

There is no excuse to be uneducated in this town that has sprung up on the "barrens of Derry." If you cannot go to school by day, there are night classes, supported by Mr. Hershey and largely patronized by his people.

And in all of these benefits the congregation of old Derry Church and of all the other churches may share. Truly, those three strong leaders of the church at its beginning, Parsons Anderson, Bertram and Elder would say "Thank God"—for they, too, believed in education and the uplift of the people, despite their stern Calvinism and sombre view of life.

HISTORIC PAXTON

Her Ways

"Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here."
—*Shakespeare.*

"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good, and good works in her husband to promote."—*John Milton.*

It will be noticed that some of the recipes which follow are nameless. This is not because no one can be found to sponsor them, nor, that they are any less valuable and reliable than the named ones, but because most of them are used in common by a wide family connection and can scarcely be claimed by any one person.

I

BREADS OF VARIOUS KINDS

Corn Bread

(Mrs. Marshall Rutherford.)

2 cups of flour.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar.

1 cup of cornmeal.

1 cup of sweet milk.

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup of butter and lard mixed.

2 eggs.

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

Bake in two small bread pans for half an hour.

Federal Bread

(Mrs. J. E. Rutherford.)

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of flour.

1 pint of sweet milk.

2 ounces of butter.

3 eggs.

$\frac{1}{2}$ yeast cake (Fleischman).

1 tablespoon of sugar.

1 saltspoon of salt.

Heat the milk warm enough to melt the butter. Put the flour in a bowl, make a hole in the middle of it and pour in the milk and other ingredients. When well mixed, pour into a well greased pan and set away to rise. When light, bake in a moderate oven one hour. Split open, butter and eat hot. Set at night for breakfast and at noon for tea.

Graham Bread

(Mrs. Bellett Lawson.)

- 1 cup of molasses.
- 1 pint of sweet milk.
- 4 cups of graham flour.
- 1 teaspoon of soda.
- 1 teaspoon of salt.
- 2 teaspoons of baking powder.

Warm the molasses until it foams. Put the baking powder into one cup of the flour. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Huckleberry Muffins

(Mrs. Thomas Lyter.)

- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of butter.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar.
- 1 egg.
- 1 cup of huckleberries.
- $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups of flour.
- 1 cup of milk.
- 3 teaspoons of baking powder.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt.

Beat the butter and sugar until creamy. Add egg well beaten, then the berries. Next add the milk and lastly the flour, baking powder and salt sifted together. Bake in greased muffin pans about twenty minutes.

Pan Cakes

(Mrs. F. O. Taylor.)

- 1 quart of sour milk.
- 2 tablespoons of butter.
- 1 teaspoon of vinegar.

2 teaspoons of soda.

1 teaspoon of salt.

Flour enough to make a thin batter.

Beat well and let the mixture stand several hours. Bake on a hot griddle.

Potato Biscuit

(Mrs. J. Q. A. Rutherford.)

1 pint of mashed potato.

1 cup of white sugar.

3 eggs (well beaten).

1 tablespoon of salt (large).

$\frac{1}{2}$ cake of yeast.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of warm water.

1 quart of flour.

1 cup of lard (melted) or butter and lard mixed.

1 teaspoon of baking powder.

Add the sugar and salt to the hot mashed potatoes. When cool, add the eggs, the yeast dissolved in the water, and the flour. Let it stand over night.

In the morning add the lard and the baking powder sifted in a little flour, and enough flour to make as stiff as rolls. Let the dough stand until light. Roll about an inch thick and cut with a small cutter. When light bake in a hot oven.

Potato Doughnuts

(Mrs. S. F. Barber.)

3 cups of mashed potatoes.

3 eggs.

3 cups of sugar.

FOR WRITTEN RECIPES

1½ cups of milk.

6 teaspoons of baking powder.

1 nutmeg.

Butter size of small egg.

Pinch of salt.

While the potatoes are warm add sugar, butter and milk. Mix very stiff and roll quite thin, as they swell a great deal. This makes a large quantity. Fry in deep fat.

Wheat Muffins

(Mrs. W. Franklin Rutherford.)

2 eggs.

¼ cup of sugar.

1 cup of sweet milk.

2 cups of flour.

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

A pinch of salt.

A lump of lard or butter the size of an egg.

Sift the flour and baking powder together.

This makes twelve muffins.

II

MEAT AND OYSTER DISHES

Beef Loaf

(Mrs. Charles Smith.)

3 pounds of round steak, ground fine.

2 eggs.

1½ cups of sweet milk.

1 cup of bread crumbs.

Season well with salt, pepper, parsley and a pinch of onion. Mix carefully and add eggs, milk and bread crumbs. Make into a roll. Dot with small lumps of butter. Put in a pan with a little water and bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours. To be eaten either hot or cold.

Braised Lamb with Tomato Sauce

(Mrs. Bellett Lawson.)

Have the butcher remove the bones from a breast of lamb. Season it well with pepper and salt. Roll and tie firmly. Put 2 tablespoons of butter in the braising pan and when melted add 1 onion, 1 slice of carrot and 1 turnip all cut fine. Stir well, put in the lamb with a thick dredging of flour, cover and set back where it will cook slowly for an hour. Baste often. Remove string from meat. Strain the gravy and pour over the meat. Serve very hot with tomato sauce. The bones should be put in the pan with the meat to improve the gravy.

Deviled Oysters

(*Mrs. John Y. Boyd.*)

Drain 25 oysters. Put liquor on to boil. Cut oysters with a silver knife. Add a little chopped parsley. Put the boiled liquor through a fine sieve. Use $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of liquid—half of this liquor and half cream.

Rub 1 tablespoon of flour and 1 of butter together, add a little milk to make a smooth paste. Turn this back into rest of liquid and heat well. Season with white and red pepper and 1 teaspoon of salt. Add yolks of two eggs and a little nutmeg. Stir in oysters and parsley. Pour into baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and brown in oven.

Creamed Calf's Heart

(*Miss Eliza E. Rutherford.*)

1 calf heart.

1 hard boiled egg.

1 tablespoon of butter.

1 tablespoon of flour.

1 teaspoon of chopped parsley.

Wash and trim the heart; cover with water, and cook until tender. Let it stand until cool, remove all fat and cut in small pieces. Put over the fire, and when hot, add butter, flour, and yolk of egg, which have been rubbed to a smooth paste. Cook until creamy, add parsley and white of egg chopped fine. Season with salt and pepper and serve.

Jellied Veal

(Miss Eliza E. Rutherford.)

1 knuckle of veal.

1 pound of lean veal cut from the leg.

1 onion.

1 small stalk of celery.

1 small carrot.

$\frac{1}{2}$ bay leaf.

Put these ingredients over the fire in warm water and cook slowly until the meat is tender. Take it out, return the bones and stock to the fire and simmer until it is reduced to a pint of liquid. Let it get cold, then skim off any fat that may be on it. Put on the stove and add 1 tablespoon of gelatine, soaked in a little cold water. Boil up once. Season with salt and pepper, and if you like, a little sherry. When cool add the veal, seasoned with salt and pepper and cut into small pieces. Put on ice to harden. Hard boiled eggs cut in slices may be added.

Oysters and Macaroni

(Mrs. J. A. Lutz.)

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of macaroni.

1 quart of oysters.

Boil macaroni in boiling salt water for thirty minutes. Place a layer of macaroni in a baking dish, then a layer of oysters seasoned with pepper and salt. Dot with pieces of butter and a few crushed crackers. Continue until all are used; then add milk and bake in a quick oven until brown.

Pressed Chicken

(Mrs. J. Q. A. Rutherford.)

Boil two chickens as for stewed chicken until very tender. Remove all bones and most of the skin. Season to taste with pepper, salt, a little celery salt, a dash of cayenne, and add a small cup of bread crumbs.

Into a pint of the broth put 2 tablespoons of gelatine soaked in a little cold water. Boil until gelatine is dissolved, add chicken and cook until broth is thoroughly mixed. Put into a pan or baking dish, cover with a small plate and light weight until cold.

Sweet Breads

(Miss Margaret S. Rutherford.)

Soak the sweet breads in cold water one hour, then cover with boiling water and boil fifteen minutes. Throw into cold water and when cold set away until you want to use them. In cutting use a silver knife.

Put a tablespoon of butter in a pan and make it very hot. Cut the sweetbreads in small pieces and stir them in the butter until well heated, then add a tablespoon of flour and stir until the flour is nicely browned. Pour in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of sweet milk or cream. Season with salt and cayenne pepper and serve hot.

Savory Meat

(Miss K. Virginia Rutherford.)

3 pounds of lean, raw beef chopped fine.

6 soda crackers rolled fine.

Veal Loaf

(Mrs. James Boyd.)

Three and a half pounds of raw veal from the top of the leg, chopped fine—all gristle and skin being carefully removed.

Add a tablespoon each of pepper and salt, a few drops of onion juice, a piece of butter the size of an egg, 3 or 4 crackers rolled fine, 3 tablespoons of cream, and 3 eggs beaten together.

Mix all in the wooden bowl in which the meat is chopped. Shape into a loaf and bake about an hour. Baste frequently with the drippings.

III

VEGETABLES

Baked Cabbage

(Mrs. Edgar Martin.)

Pour 1 quart of boiling water over 1 quart of cabbage cut as for slaw. Add a teaspoon of salt and boil 15 minutes. Drain. Heat in double boiler 1 pint of milk. Cream 2 tablespoons of butter with 1 of flour and add to the boiling milk. Season with 1 teaspoon of salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of pepper. Cook until the consistency of cream.

Remove from fire. Butter a pudding dish and sprinkle bottom with bread crumbs. Put in half the cabbage and half the sauce. Sprinkle with the crumbs, add remaining cabbage and sauce, and a top layer of crumbs. Dot each layer with butter. Serve in dish in which it is baked. This is enough for six people.

Baked Macaroni

(Mrs. J. F. Myers.)

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of macaroni.

1 onion.

1 carrot.

1 large tomato.

1 pint of milk.

Small piece of cheese.

Butter the size of an egg.

Boil macaroni in salted water for half an hour. Drain. Chop onion and tomato very fine and grate carrot, add the butter and cook from five to eight minutes. Mix this with the macaroni and turn into a buttered baking dish. Add the milk. Cover top with grated cheese and bake half an hour.

Corn Oysters

(Miss Janet Elder.)

6 ears of grated corn.

3 eggs.

1 tablespoon of flour.

Pepper and salt to taste.

Beat eggs separately, adding whites last. Fry in hot lard or butter.

Corn Omelet

Beat 4 eggs separately. To the yolks add 7 ears of grated corn. Salt and pepper to taste. Then lastly add the beaten whites. Have the pan hot with lump of melted butter. Bake half an hour.

Dutch Beans

$\frac{1}{4}$ peck of string beans.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of diluted vinegar.

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound of bacon.

1 large onion.

1 heaping tablespoon of sugar.

Salt and pepper to taste.

Cook beans until tender and drain. Cut bacon

in small pieces. Slice onions fine and fry with the bacon until brown. Add vinegar, sugar, salt, and pepper and let the mixture come to a boil. Pour over the hot beans and serve.

Eggplant Straws

(Mrs. Marshall Rutherford.)

Cut an unpeeled eggplant in one-fourth inch slices, salt each, put them together again and press them under a heavy weight an hour or more. Cut them into equal lengths a fourth of an inch wide, rejecting the skin. Dry them in a napkin and roll in flour mixed with the same amount of fine cornmeal and seasoned with salt, pepper and a slight dash of nutmeg. Drop a few at a time into hot salad oil and fry until a delicate brown. Dry on soft paper and serve at once. They should be crisp and tender.

Steamed Sweet Potatoes

(Mrs. S. Gray Bigham.)

1 tablespoon of water.

1 tablespoon of lard or butter.

2 tablespoons of sugar.

1½ teaspoon of salt.

Put all the ingredients in a skillet and when hot put in the raw pared potatoes, over which pour one cup of boiling water. Cover and cook, turning often.

Imperial Sweets

Boil sweet potatoes, pare and cut in slices about two inches thick. Put some butter in a

FOR WRITTEN RECIPES

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD

BY
JAMES OBERLIN

1760-1763

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD, FROM HIS ASCENSION OF THE THRONE, TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY'S REIGN. IN THREE VOLUMES. VOL. I. LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall; and by J. HODGKINS, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1763.

Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall;

and by J. HODGKINS, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

1763.

Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall;

and by J. HODGKINS, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

1763.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE THIRD, FROM HIS ASCENSION OF THE THRONE, TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY'S REIGN. IN THREE VOLUMES. VOL. I. LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall; and by J. HODGKINS, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1763.

Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall;

and by J. HODGKINS, in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1763.

pan and when quite hot put in the potatoes, sprinkle with brown sugar and a little salt and brown them. Cut apples in thick slices after coring but not paring them. Bake them with butter and sugar sprinkled over them. Serve by putting a slice of apple on each slice of potato.

Scalloped Onions

(Miss Keziah Rutherford.)

Stew the onions and drain. Put in a baking dish first a layer of onions, then a layer of bread crumbs mixed with butter, pepper and salt just as one would for filling a chicken. Over the top of all pour sweet milk enough to dampen well. Bake about 15 minutes.

Scalloped Potatoes

(Mrs. J. A. Lutz.)

6 large potatoes pared and sliced.

1 pint of milk.

1 tablespoon of butter.

Salt and pepper to taste.

Put a layer of the potatoes in the baking dish, dust lightly with flour, add a little salt, pepper and butter. Continue until the potatoes are used. Keep most of the butter for the top layer. Pour in the milk. Bake until thoroughly soft.

IV

SALADS AND SALAD DRESSINGS

Cream Dressing

(Mrs. Thomas Lyter.)

- 2 eggs (yolks).
- 2 tablespoons of sugar.
- 2 tablespoons of butter.
- 1 teaspoon of flour.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of vinegar.
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of cream.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt.
- 1 teaspoon of flour.
- 1 teaspoon of mustard.

Mix the dry ingredients with the butter. Add yolks of egg, then cream, and, lastly, vinegar. Cook over hot water until it thickens. Strain, if necessary, and chill.

Cooked Salad Dressing

(Mrs. Charles Forney.)

- 1 teaspoon of mustard.
- 1 heaping teaspoon of flour.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of vinegar.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of water.
- 1 scant teaspoon of salt.

Mix well, cook until thick, remove from stove and beat into it a well beaten egg. When ready to serve stir into it $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of beaten cream.

French Dressing

4 tablespoons of olive oil.

1 tablespoon of vinegar.

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of pepper.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of mustard.

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of onion juice.

A dash of cayenne.

Put all ingredients in a bottle, cork tightly and shake until a thick emulsion is made. A little Mandalay sauce or home-made catsup improves this dressing.

Mayonnaise Dressing

2 eggs (yolks well beaten).

2 mustardspoons of mustard.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt.

1 tablespoon of flour.

A pinch of sugar and cayenne pepper.

Rub all together until light, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sweet milk (sour cream is better); $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of vinegar; if the vinegar is too strong dilute with water. Put over fire until it comes to a boil, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and while hot add butter size of a large egg. Stir until melted and when cool, if liked, add salad oil to taste. This dressing, if covered closely, will keep a week in a cold place.

Mayonnaise Dressing

(Mrs. Arthur Bailey.)

The secret of making this kind of dressing is having the bowl and ingredients cold. Put the yolks of 3 raw eggs in a bowl, and add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt and dash of white pepper. Stir with a fork or spoon. Add the oil slowly, thin with a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar, then add more oil. Alternate in this way until you have used 1 pint of oil and dressing is thick and glossy. About 4 tablespoons of lemon juice or 3 of vinegar will be needed according to its acidity. Keep covered and on ice until needed.

Cole Slaw

(Mrs. Allison Mayhew.)

2 eggs.

1 cup of vinegar.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of mustard.

2 tablespoons of sugar.

Boil all together, stirring constantly till it thickens. Cut fine a large head of cabbage. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt, let it stand 20 minutes, then pour over it the dressing and serve.

Pineapple Salad

(Mrs. Arthur Bailey.)

Take the ring of canned pineapple and sprinkle it with minced nuts, lay it on crisp lettuce leaves and put a large spoon of mayonnaise on the top. Serve with cheese and wafers.

Potato Salad

(*Mrs. H. F. Kramer.*)

Hard boil 3 eggs, remove shell and chop finely with a silver knife. Boil 3 potatoes, cut into dice while hot, and mix with the eggs. Salt and pepper to taste and pour over it the following dressing and let it stand.

FRENCH DRESSING

$\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon of salt.

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of paprika.

1 teaspoon of mustard.

4 tablespoons of olive oil.

2 tablespoons of vinegar.

Pepper Salad

(*Mrs. Marshall Rutherford.*)

For two sweet peppers make a filling of slightly salted Philadelphia cream cheese to which has been added $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped nuts and just enough cream to blend it. Put the filled peppers on ice and let them get very cold. Just before serving slice with a sharp knife and place carefully on lettuce leaves with a salad dressing.

Stuffed Tomato Salad

(*Mrs. Howard A. Birchall.*)

Skin firm, medium sized tomatoes. Cut large hole in top, remove seeds and most of inside pulp. Drain well.

STUFFING

Remove seeds and inside pulp of two firm,

green sweet peppers, and chop fine. Also chop 1 stalk of celery and mix with peppers together with 2 teaspoons of boiled or oil dressing, whichever preferred. Put stuffing in tomatoes. This quantity will stuff six tomatoes. Garnish top with 1 teaspoon of stiff dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves. Stuffed olives cut in thin slices laid on top of dressing add very much to this dish.

Sheldon Salad

(Mrs. F. O. Taylor.)

1 can of pineapple.

4 oranges.

2 bananas.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of Malaga grapes.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of candied cherries.

Cut the pineapple into small squares. Seed the oranges and cut them fine; seed the grapes and cut them and the cherries in half. Slice the bananas very fine. Serve on lettuce leaves and pour over the following sauce: The juice of the pineapple, 1 cup of sugar, 1 tablespoon of corn starch, 1 cup of walnuts cut fine and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of water. Mix cornstarch with a little of the water and add the pineapple juice, sugar and remainder of the water. Boil until thick and after it is cold add the nuts. This salad may be put together and frozen.

Tomato Salad

(Mrs. John Wensell.)

Remove the seeds and pulp from firm toma-

FOR WRITTEN RECIPES

toes. Fill with a mixture of chopped celery, cucumber, and mayonnaise. Put a spoonful of mayonnaise on the top and serve on lettuce leaves.

Potato Salad

(Miss Eliza E. Rutherford.)

4 level cups of cut potato.

1 heaping cup of cut celery.

1 tablespoon of onion chopped fine.

Salt to taste.

Cook potatoes in their jackets. When done (not too soft) remove skins and cut in small cubes. When cool add celery, onion and seasoning. About an hour before serving mix with the dressing—mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing—and put in a cool place. Garnish with olives and beet pickles, cut in fancy shapes.

V

PIES

Plain Pie Crust

3 cups of flour.

1 teaspoon of salt.

1 cup of lard or lard and butter mixed.

Ice-water enough to mix so it can be rolled.

Mix flour, lard and salt together. This part, the crumbs, will keep indefinitely in a covered bowl set in a cool place. Take enough for one pie and add the water. This quantity will make three pies. Handle as little as possible.

Cocoanut Custards

1 pound of sugar.

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound of grated cocoanut.

2 tablespoons of butter.

1 pint of milk.

4 tablespoons of bread crumbs.

4 eggs.

Bake on a crust.

Mince Meat

2 pounds of beef or fresh beef tongue.

2 pounds of suet.

4 pounds of apples.

3 pounds of currants.

3 pounds of raisins.

3½ pounds of sugar.
2 ounces of cinnamon.
7 good sized nutmegs, grated.
¼ ounce of mace.
8 lemons.

Boil the sugar with a quart of water, and when cold pour over the chopped meat, suet, apples, etc. Grate rind from lemon, press out juice, strain, add to mixture. Add a pint of white rum and put into jars. Add cider when you make your pies.

Cream Pie

(Mrs. Thomas Smallwood.)

Cream one large tablespoon of butter and three of sugar, add two well beaten eggs and a little over ½ pint of milk. Heat in a double boiler; when near boiling point stir in a little over ½ tablespoon of cornstarch. Pour into pastry previously baked and for meringue use the well beaten whites of two eggs. Amount for one pie. Flavor to taste.

Cream Pie

(Mrs. John Elder.)

Bake pie shell first. For filling put two cups of milk and piece of butter size of egg in double boiler until hot. Add two slightly rounding tablespoons of cornstarch in a little milk, then add yolks of two eggs, ½ cup of sugar and pinch of salt beaten together. Cook until a little thick, stirring constantly. Remove from the stove, add

a little vanilla and pour into shells. Grate nutmeg over it and add the beaten white of an egg, browned lightly in oven.

Cream Lemon Custard

(Mrs. Wm. Sourber.)

2 lemons (juice and rind).
1 cup of sugar.
2 cups of milk.
4 large teaspoons of cornstarch.
1 tablespoon of butter.
2 eggs. (Whites beaten separately with four tablespoons of sugar.)

Bake crust first, fill with custard and last the whites of eggs. This makes two pies.

German Lemon Pie

(Mrs. Ricker.)

1 lemon (grated rinds and juice).
1 cup of white sugar.
1 cup of molasses.
2 heaping tablespoons of flour.
1 egg.
1 pint of water. (Scant.)

TOP

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sour cream.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of thick milk.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of soda.
2 cups of white sugar.
2 scant cups of flour.

Make crust for four pies. Drop top with spoon.

Lemon Custard Pie

(Mrs. S. H. Rutherford.)

1 cup of sugar.

3 eggs (yolk).

1 lemon (grated rind and juice).

2 tablespoons of cornstarch dissolved in cold water.

Stir all together, add a cup of boiling water and cook until it thickens. Pour into your baked crust. Put the beaten whites over the top and brown in oven.

Pumpkin Pie

(Mrs. James Boyd.)

1½ pints of strained pumpkin.

A good pinch of salt.

A small teacup of sugar.

An even teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon.

½ nutmeg grated.

3 eggs beaten together.

1 pint of milk, ⅓ of it cream.

Last of all add a wine glass of sherry and brandy mixed. If not sweet enough or spicy enough, more can be used to taste.

Pumpkin Pie

(Mrs. Donald I. Rutherford.)

1 cup of grated pumpkin.

1 cup of sugar.

1 egg.

1 tablespoon of cornstarch.

1 pint of milk.

A pinch of salt.

Spice to taste.

It is not necessary to bake pie crust first.

Potato Pudding

(Mrs. J. E. Rutherford.)

1½ pounds of potato.

1 pound of granulated sugar.

½ pound of butter.

6 eggs.

2 lemons (rind and juice).

Boil and mash the potatoes, and when almost cold beat it and the butter into a cream. Beat sugar and yolks of eggs very light. Add them and the lemon to the cream mixture, and beat in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs last. Line four pie plates with crust, divide the batter between them, and bake.

FOR WRITTEN RECIPES

VI

DESSERTS

Brown Betty

Put into a buttered baking dish a layer of chopped tart apples, then a layer of bread crumbs. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and bits of butter. Fill the dish in this way having the top layer crumbs. Bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven. Serve either hot or cold with cream and sugar, or hard sauce.

Creme Boule

(Mrs. John Y. Boyd.)

Make a pap of one quart of milk and one pint of flour. Boil for a few minutes. Make two cups of brown sugar into taffy. Mix with the pap while boiling. Pour into mold and let it stand until cold. Serve with whipped cream.

Cottage Pudding

(Miss Eleanor G. Rutherford.)

1 cup of sugar.

1 cup of sweet milk.

1 egg.

1 pint of flour.

1 teaspoon of soda.

2 teaspoons of cream of tartar.

Bake in moderate oven about half an hour.

SAUCE FOR THE PUDDING

4 heaping tablespoons of sugar.

1 tablespoon of flour.

2 tablespoons of butter.

Beat all together until like cream. Just before using stir in boiling water to make it the consistency of starch. Flavor with vanilla. This sauce is very nice on hot Taylor cakes or gingerbread.

Tapioca Pudding

(Miss Eleanor G. Rutherford.)

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup of granulated tapioca.

1 quart of new milk.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar.

4 eggs.

A pinch of salt.

Put milk in a double boiler. Cover the tapioca with cold milk. Beat the yolks of eggs with the sugar, add the tapioca and stir into the boiling milk, stirring constantly to keep it smooth. When thick enough remove from the fire and flavor with vanilla. When cool cover with the whites of the eggs, well beaten with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar. Brown in the oven.

Baked Cherry Pudding

(Mrs. George C. Martin.)

1 cup of sugar.

1 cup of cold water.

1 egg.

3 cups of flour.

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

1 pint of seeded cherries.

Butter size of an egg.

Beat butter, sugar and egg together. Add the water and cherries. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

Baked Peaches

(Mrs. Hudgins.)

Take any number of large ripe peaches and rub well with a towel to remove the fuzz. Put in a baking dish, add a cup of water and sprinkle the peaches heavily with sugar. Bake in a moderate oven, basting just as for a roast. Pears are delicious baked in this way.

Delicate Rice Pudding

(Mrs. J. H. Myers.)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of rice.

1 quart of milk.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar.

1 teaspoon of vanilla.

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt.

Butter the size of a walnut.

Boil rice, milk and salt for one hour. Add butter, sugar and vanilla. Place in baking dish and bake one-half hour. For those who dislike the taste of vanilla, this pudding is quite as nice without it.

Cornstarch Pudding

(Mrs. J. H. Sheesley.)

1 pint of sweet milk.

3 eggs (whites only).

2 tablespoons of cornstarch.

3 tablespoons of sugar.

A little salt.

When milk begins to boil add sugar, and the cornstarch dissolved in cold milk, lastly, the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Stir constantly and cook until smooth. Pour into cups or molds.

CUSTARD SAUCE FOR PUDDING

1 pint of sweet milk.

3 tablespoons of sugar.

1 teaspoon of cornstarch.

1 teaspoon of vanilla.

Bring milk to boiling point. Add sugar and cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk. Thin yolks of eggs with a little milk and add last. Flavor with vanilla.

Fruit Blanc-Mange

(Mrs. John Elder.)

1 quart of stewed, or one can of fruit.

(Cherries, raspberries and strawberries are best.)

3 tablespoons of cornstarch.

Strain off all the juice and add as much water to it as there is juice in the can of fruit. Sweeten it to taste and put it on to boil. Moisten three even tablespoons of cornstarch with a little cold water and stir it into the boiling fruit. Pour into a mold that has been wet with cold water. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

Prune Whip

(*Mrs. James A. Rutherford.*)

1 pound of prunes.

1 small cup of sugar.

4 eggs (whites).

Stew prunes, drain, remove stones and cut in small pieces. Beat whites of eggs. Add sugar gradually and when beaten smooth and stiff add to the prunes. Bake in a slow oven half an hour. Serve with cream.

Peach Delight

(*Mrs. Harry Holmes, Jr.*)

To a quart of sliced peaches add 1 cup of sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of flour. Put into buttered baking dish. Mix together $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour, 2 tablespoons of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of butter, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of milk. Roll to fit top of baking dish. Make incisions to let steam escape. Bake in a moderate oven. Eat warm with cream.

Peach Pudding

(*Mrs. George Sheaffer.*)

2 heaping tablespoons of butter.

1 cup of sugar.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sweet milk.

1 well beaten egg.

$1\frac{3}{4}$ cups of flour.

2 scant teaspoons of baking powder.

A pinch of salt.

Bake in pudding dish with sliced peaches.

Peach Pudding (No. 2)

(*Mrs. Thomas Smallwood.*)

6 large peaches.

1 pint of flour.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt.

1 large teaspoon of baking powder.

1 egg.

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of milk.

Butter the size of an egg.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together and rub into it the butter. Beat the egg lightly and mix with the milk. Beat all together thoroughly. Put the mixture into a greased pan so that the batter lies about an inch thick. Lay halves of peaches on top. Fill the cavities with sugar. Bake half an hour. Serve hot with sugar and cream. Apples or apricots may be used instead of peaches.

Potatoes with Chocolate Sauce

(*Mrs. John Y. Boyd.*)

THE POTATOES

6 ounces of butter.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of granulated sugar.

4 eggs.

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sifted flour.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk.

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

Beat butter, sugar and yolks together until light. Beat whites to a stiff froth. Stir in the flour and milk alternately, then the baking powder sifted through a little of the flour. Lastly add lightly the beaten whites. Pour into a shal-

low pan and bake in a slow oven. When cool cut into round pieces for the potatoes. Spread one-half with any kind of jelly, put two pieces together and ice the outside with icing made of 4 or 6 tablespoons of powdered sugar and the whites of two eggs beaten together.

SKINS FOR THE POTATOES

2 teaspoons of Hershey's cocoa.

2 teaspoons of cinnamon.

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of cloves.

2 teaspoons of powdered sugar.

When the potatoes have been iced all over and have become hard, sprinkle the skins over them and make eyes with a skewer.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE FOR THE POTATOES

4 eggs.

4 even teaspoons of powdered sugar.

2 tablespoons of cocoa or 1 ounce of Hershey's chocolate.

1 pint of hot milk.

1 teaspoon of vanilla sugar.

Beat eggs, sugar and cocoa together. Add to the hot milk, which has been cooking in a double boiler. When it sticks to a knife blade it is done. Flavor with the vanilla sugar and a little cinnamon.

A Group of Sherbets

(*Miss Isabella Rutherford.*)

GRAPE

1 pint of grape juice, 1 quart of water, 1 pound of sugar and the juice of 2 lemons. Freeze.

FRUIT

1 quart of peaches or apricots, 4 lemons, 6 oranges, 3 pounds of sugar and 4 quarts of water. Mash peaches. Add juice of lemons and oranges, sugar and water, and freeze.

CHERRY

1 quart of sour cherries, 1 quart of water. Grind cherries, add sugar and water, and freeze.

Strawberry Water Ice

(*Miss Rutherford.*)

2 boxes of berries.

1 pound of sugar.

1 quart of water.

2 lemons (juice).

Mash the berries, add sugar and lemon juice and let it stand for an hour or two in a warm place. Strain through a fine sieve, add water, and if not sweet enough, more sugar. Freeze. This water ice is often made without straining and is equally good.

Blackberry Water Ice

(*Miss Rutherford.*)

2 quarts of blackberries.

1 pint of sugar.

FOR WRITTEN RECIPES

1 quart of water.

2 tablespoons of brandy.

Press the juice from the berries, strain through a coarse cloth to remove the seeds. Add the other ingredients, and freeze.

Chocolate Bavarian Cream

(Mrs. A. P. L. Dull.)

1 pint of double cream.

1 pint of milk.

$\frac{1}{2}$ box of gelatine.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of XXXX sugar.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water.

2 ounces of Hershey's chocolate.

Cover gelatine with water and let it soak a few minutes. Cut the chocolate in small pieces or grate it. Whip the cream very stiff. Put on milk in a double boiler. When boiling add the chocolate and gelatine. Stir until dissolved, remove from fire and add sugar and vanilla. Turn into an earthenware bowl to cool, stirring constantly, then add slowly the whipped cream. Pour into a mould and stand on ice to stiffen. Serve with whipped cream.

VII

CAKE

Cake Mixing

CAKES WITH BUTTER AND MILK

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add well beaten yolks of eggs, beat until very light, add flavoring and a pinch of salt. Have flour sifted several times and sift lightly into the batter alternately with the milk. Add baking powder sifted in a little of the flour, then the whites of eggs beaten until they will turn upside down. Turn in the whites as lightly as possible. Bake at once in a moderate oven in layers or loaf.

SPONGE CAKE

Beat yolks of eggs, sugar and lemon juice together for ten minutes beating hard and steadily. Sift flour, at least, three times and sift into the batter alternately with the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake at once in a slow oven for, at least, half an hour.

BAKING

A layer cake is done when it draws away from the sides of a pan. Test a loaf cake with a clean straw; if it does not stick, or the cake offers no resistance to finger pressure, it is done.

Generally speaking the thinner the batter the hotter should be the oven. Do not turn on the

heat in a gas stove until you begin to put the batter in the pans for a butter cake; for a sponge cake not until you put pans in the oven. If cake seems to be browning too quickly turn down the gas.

The gas oven can be more easily controlled than the range. For the latter, if a piece of paper turns a deep brown in five minutes the oven is about right for butter cakes; for sponge cakes the paper should barely color.

GENERAL

Do not bake cake unless you can afford to use only the best materials, sweet butter, and fresh eggs, pure flavorings and good baking powder. Anything less will give poor results.

Always paper the pans for layer and loaf cakes. Use a light yellow wrapping paper. Grease the paper not the pans. For small cakes flour pans after greasing, then shake almost dry.

Angel Food

(Mrs. Kochenderfer.)

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups of granulated sugar.

1 cup of flour.

10 eggs (whites).

1 level teaspoon of cream of tartar.

1 teaspoon of vanilla.

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt.

Sift sugar and flour five times. Add salt to eggs, beat partially, then add cream of tartar. When eggs are sufficiently beaten, add sugar and flavoring. Beat thoroughly, then carefully fold in flour. Bake forty minutes.

Apple Sauce Cake

(Miss K. Virginia Rutherford.)

1½ cups of unsweetened apple sauce.

1 cup of sugar.

1 cup of seeded raisins.

1 teaspoon of cinnamon.

½ teaspoon of cloves.

½ cup of butter.

2 teaspoons of soda.

2 cups of flour.

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

Dissolve the soda in the apple sauce, add other ingredients, cook five minutes. When cool, stir in the flour in which the baking powder has been sifted. Bake in a loaf; and ice or not as preferred.

Cocoanut Cake

(Mrs. Hudgins.)

2 cups of sugar.

½ cup of butter.

½ cup of milk.

2½ cups of sifted flour.

2½ teaspoons of baking powder.

8 eggs (whites).

1 teaspoon of vanilla.

Bake in two layers, ice with boiled icing, sprinkle heavily with cocoanut.

Devils Food

(Mrs. H. A. Rutherford.)

1 cup of granulated sugar.

½ cup of butter.

½ cup of milk.

3 eggs (yolks).

2 cups of flour.

1 teaspoon of baking soda sifted into the flour.

1 cup of soft A sugar.

½ cup of milk.

Dissolve a little over ½ cup of grated Hershey's chocolate, but do not allow it to boil. Cool, add to part first, and flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla. Bake in layers.

Delicate and Fruit Cake

(Miss Helen Rutherford.)

2 cups of sugar.

5 eggs (whites).

¾ cups of butter.

2¾ cups of flour.

1 cup of milk.

3 teaspoons of baking powder.

Flavor with a rind of a lemon or orange.

Take out two cakes in square pans, and leave enough for one other, then add spice to taste—cinnamon and cloves, 1 cup of raisins seeded and ½ cup of citron, cut fine. Bake this in one pan and use for middle layer. Use boiled icing flavored with lemon juice.

Fruit Cake

(Mrs. Daniel Ricker.)

1 pound of flour.

1 pound of white sugar.

1 pound of butter.

2 pounds of raisins seeded or seedless.

2 pounds of currants.

10 eggs.

$\frac{1}{4}$ ounce each of cloves and mace.

$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of cinnamon.

2 nutmegs.

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound of citron, cut in small pieces.

Two lemons (rind).

2 wine glasses of brandy.

1 tumbler of currant jelly.

Cream the butter, sugar, and yolks of eggs. Add spices, jelly and lemon rind. Then the whites of eggs, beaten light, and flour, alternately. Finally add brandy and fruit. Flour the fruit with part of the flour which has been weighed. Grease pan well, line with paper. Bake 2 hours.

Fruit Cake

(Mrs. J. C. Wensell.)

10 eggs.

1 pound of granulated sugar.

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound of butter.

1 pound of currants.

1 pound of seeded raisins.

1 pound of sultanas.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound each of citron, figs, candied cherries, pineapple and dates.

1 pound of flour.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of grated nutmeg, allspice, cinnamon and cloves.

Juice and rind of 1 orange and 1 lemon.

Beat the eggs together until very light. Cream butter and sugar, then add the egg, flour,

and spices, and give the whole a vigorous beating. Cut fruit in small pieces, flour well, add to the cake. Lastly add rind and juice of orange and lemon. Stir all well together. Pour mixture in 2 round cake pans and steam five hours.

This will make two five pound cakes. If you use liquor, add, before the fruit, one gill of brandy.

Hot Milk Sponge Cake

(Mrs. John Schuster.)

4 eggs.

2 cups of flour.

2 cups of sugar.

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

1 cup of boiling milk.

Beat eggs very light, adding sugar gradually. Mix baking powder with sifted flour. Add to the eggs, and after mixing it, stir in quickly the boiling milk. Bake in a moderate oven.

Ice Cream Cake

(Mrs. William Kunkle.)

2 cups of sugar.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter.

1 cup of milk.

2 cups of flour.

3 eggs.

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

CHOCOLATE ICING

3 squares of Hershey's chocolate.

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup of water.

Boil, stirring constantly until thick. Remove

from fire and cool. Add 1 egg or yolks of two, beaten light, $\frac{2}{3}$ of a cup of milk and 2 teaspoons of cornstarch. Sweeten to taste. Boil again until thick and flavor with 1 teaspoon of vanilla.

Ginger Bread

(Mrs. W. Franklin Rutherford.)

1 cup of sugar.
1 cup of lard, or butter and lard mixed.
1 cup of sour cream.
1 cup of New Orleans molasses.
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour.
2 eggs.
1 small tablespoon of soda.
1 tablespoon each of ginger and cinnamon.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cloves.
Bake in a slow oven about half an hour.

Irish Rag Cake

(Mrs. Harry Fitting.)

3 cups of sugar.
1 cup of butter.
3 cups of flour.
1 cup of sweet milk.
6 eggs (whites).
3 teaspoons of baking powder.
Bake in layers in moderate oven.

Layer Fruit Cake

(Mrs. Joshua E. Rutherford.)

1 cup of butter.
2 cups of brown sugar.
1 cup of molasses.

1 cup of coffee.

4½ cups of flour.

2 teaspoons each of soda, cinnamon, cloves and mace.

1 pound each of raisins and currants.

¼ pound of citron.

Bake in layers or a loaf.

Liverpool Cake

(Miss Matilda Elder.)

1 pound of flour.

1 pound of sugar.

½ pound of butter.

4 eggs (beat without separating).

1 cupful of sweet milk.

3 level teaspoons of baking powder.

When the mixture is ready to put in the oven, stir in very lightly the baking powder.

Nut Cake

(Mrs. Thomas Smallwood.)

2 cups of sugar.

½ cup of butter.

3 eggs.

1 cup of cream.

3½ cups of flour.

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

1 large cup of chopped nuts.

Bake in a loaf about ¾ of an hour.

Old Fashioned Pound Cake

(Miss Margaret S. Rutherford.)

1 pound pulverized sugar.

1 pound of butter.

15 ounces of flour.

10 eggs.

1½ tablespoons of brandy.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten, then the brandy. Sift the flour three times, sifting it the last time into the batter alternately with the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Grease and line a Turk's head pan, with paper, using two layers of paper for the bottom of the pan. Pour the batter into it and bake in a moderate oven, 1½ hours. Keep the cake covered with paper while baking.

Orange Cake

(Mrs. Harry Holmes.)

¾ cup of butter.

2 cups of sugar.

1 cup of milk.

2½ cups of flour.

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

4 eggs.

1 orange (grated rind).

Bake in layers.

ICING

2 cups of pulverized sugar, the juice and grated yellow rind of orange. Stir until sufficiently soft to spread. Put between layers and on top.

Small Pan Cake

(Mrs. Donald I. Rutherford.)

1 cup of sugar.

10 teaspoons melted butter.

Beat 2 eggs in a cup and fill up with sweet milk.

1½ cups flour.

2 teaspoons baking powder.

Flavor with ½ teaspoon of lemon, orange or vanilla.

Bake in a square sheet.

Sponge Cake

(Mrs. S. Ralston Dickey.)

4 eggs.

¾ cup sugar.

¾ cup flour.

½ lemon.

1 level teaspoon of baking powder.

Beat the whites, add the yolks one by one, then the sugar, then the rind and juice of the lemon, next the flour and baking powder. Bake twenty minutes.

Sponge Cake

(Mrs. Francis W. Rutherford.)

1 pound of A sugar.

1 pound of eggs.

½ pound of flour.

The rind of 1 lemon.

Beat the yolks and whites separately, put them together, add the sugar slowly. Beat well, then stir in the flour lightly.

Straw Cake

1 pound of A sugar.

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter, down weight.

1 cup of milk.

5 eggs, leave out the whites of two for icing.

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound of flour.

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

1 teaspoon of vanilla.

Bake in layers and ice as desired.

White Loaf Cake

(Miss June Rutherford.)

1 pound of sugar.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of butter.

1 pound of flour.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sweet milk.

14 eggs (whites).

2 teaspoons of baking powder.

1 teaspoon of bitter almond.

Bake in deep pan for three quarters of an hour.

FOR WRITTEN RECIPES

VIII

SMALL CAKES

Chocolate Spice Cakes

(Miss Mary B. Rutherford.)

1 cup of granulated sugar.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter (scant).

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold water.

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup of Hershey's cocoa (dry).

3 eggs.

1 cup of flour.

1 teaspoon of cinnamon.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves.

2 even teaspoons of baking powder in the flour.

Cream sugar and butter, add cocoa, spices, beaten yolks, water, flour, and last the well beaten whites. Bake in small pans and ice with white icing.

Drop Ginger Cakes

(Mrs. George Martin.)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of butter and sugar.

1 cup molasses.

2 eggs.

1 teaspoon each of cinnamon and ginger.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water.

1 teaspoon soda and pinch of salt.

Mix in 3 cups of flour.

Mix ingredients in order named; drop small spoonfuls, two inches apart, in a well greased pan and bake in a quick oven.

Crullers

(*Mrs. J. E. Rutherford.*)

- 2 quarts of flour.
- 1 pint of sugar.
- 1 pint of sweet milk.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter.
- 3 eggs.
- 2 teaspoons of soda.

Flavor with nutmeg. Cream the butter and sugar, add well beaten egg and other ingredients. Cut in rings and fry in deep fat. While hot, roll in pulverized sugar.

Ginger Crackers

(*Miss Janet S. Elder.*)

- 1 pint of molasses.
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of sugar.
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of butter or lard.
 - 1 egg.
 - 2 tablespoons of ginger.
 - 1 teaspoon of cinnamon.
 - 1 teaspoon of soda.
 - 2 pounds of flour.
- Roll out thin and bake on iron sheets.

Hermits

(*Mrs. George Sheaffer.*)

- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup of butter.
- $1\frac{1}{3}$ cup of sugar.
- 2 eggs well beaten.
- 4 tablespoons of milk.
- $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour.

1 cup of raisins (chopped).
1 teaspoon of cinnamon.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cloves.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ of nutmeg.
3 level teaspoons of baking powder.
Roll thin and bake in moderate oven.

Jumbles

(Miss Martha K. Rutherford.)

1 cup of butter.
1 cup of sugar.
2 tablespoons of sweet milk.
3 even teaspoons of baking powder.
2 eggs.
Flour enough to make a stiff dough.

Mix and let it stand over night in a cold place for the dough to toughen. Roll thin, cut with a hole in the center and bake a light brown.

Nut Cakes

(Mrs. Wm. Kunkle.)

1 pound sugar.
3 eggs.
1 cup lard or butter.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda and same of cream tartar.
1 cup chopped nuts.
Flour to stiffen. Roll and bake like sand tarts.

Nut Macaroons

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound pulverized sugar.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound shellbark kernels.
Whites of 3 eggs.

Beat the sugar and eggs very stiff, add the nuts chopped fine. Drop on buttered tins and bake in a moderate oven.

Sand Tarts

(Mrs. Howard A. Rutherford.)

1 pound of A sugar.

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound of butter.

1 pound of flour.

2 eggs.

Nutmeg to taste.

Roll thin, wash with the white of an egg, sprinkle with granulated sugar and cinnamon and place an almond upon each cake.

Plunkets

(Miss Mary B. Rutherford.)

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of pulverized sugar.

6 ounces of butter.

5 eggs.

6 ounces flour.

2 ounces cornstarch.

2 even teaspoons baking powder.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of vanilla.

Beat eggs separately. Bake in small pans in a quick oven and ice.

Peppernuts

(Mrs. Robert C. Welsh.)

$1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of sugar.

2 pounds of flour.

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound of butter.

FOR WRITTEN RECIPES

5 eggs.

1 grated nutmeg.

1 teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little hot water.

Mix in order mentioned. Roll $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, cut out and bake.

IX

PICKLES AND PRESERVES

California Plums

(Mrs. Wm. Sourber.)

Put 2 pounds plums in vessel, cover with water, add 1 tablespoon of sugar and let fruit cook till skin breaks. In another sauce pan put 2 cups of sugar, 1 pint of water, 1 orange sliced. Boil 5 minutes. Fill jars with the fruit and three slices of orange. Cover with the syrup.

Cherry and Pineapple Preserve

2 pounds of sour cherries.

1 pound of grated pineapple.

Cook the cherries in a little water until tender and skim out. Make a sirup of 2 pounds of sugar and a little of the water the cherries have been boiled in, add cherries and boil 15 minutes. Add 1 pound of sugar to the pineapple, boil 15 minutes, then add to the cherries while hot.

Chow-Chow

(Mrs. Harry Holmes.)

1½ peck of green tomatoes.

2 heads of cabbage.

1 dozen of sweet peppers.

1 pint of string beans.

1 quart of small onions.

- 1 dozen ears of corn.
- 1 quart of lima beans.
- 2 pounds of brown sugar.
- 2 ounces of celery seed.
- 2 ounces of mustard seed.
- 1 or 2 tablespoons of tumeric.

Chop tomatoes, cabbage, onions and peppers fine, salt and let them stand one hour. Boil corn on cobs 10 minutes and cut off. Cook beans until barely tender. Mix all together. Cover with diluted vinegar and boil 15 minutes. Put in air-tight jars while hot.

Chow-Chow

(Mrs. J. S. Sheesley.)

- 1½ peck of green tomatoes.
- 1 dozen green peppers.
- 1 head of cabbage.
- 1 head of cauliflower.
- 1 dozen cucumbers.
- 10 onions.
- 10 stalks of celery.

Cut up fine, sprinkle with salt, let them stand several hours, then squeeze, cover with vinegar, and add 1 teaspoon each of cloves, cinnamon, tumeric and celery seed, a little black and red pepper, 4 tablespoons of sugar and 1 tablespoon of mustard seed, and a small lump of alum. Boil until the vegetables are tender. Jar while hot.

French Chow-Chow

- 1 quart of small cucumbers.
- 1 quart of cucumbers cut in small pieces.

1 quart of small onions.

1 quart of green tomatoes, sliced.

1 large cauliflower, cut in small pieces.

1 quart of string or lima beans.

Put these ingredients in a weak brine, 1 cup of salt to a gallon of water, for 24 hours. Drain, then bring to a boil in fresh brine, and drain again. Cook beans separately until tender. Scald 2 quarts of vinegar and add 6 tablespoons of ground mustard, 1 tablespoon of tumeric, 1 cup of flour and 1 cup of sugar. Cook until smooth. Add other ingredients and boil once, then put into jars.

Lemon Butter

(Mrs. Edgar Martin.)

4 eggs.

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound of butter.

1 pound of sugar.

Beat the yolks, butter and sugar until very light, then add well-beaten whites. Put into a double boiler and stir over fire about 20 minutes or until thick, then add juice and rind of two lemons. This makes four tumblers.

Orange Marmalade

(Miss Margaret Brown Rutherford.)

Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen oranges and 3 lemons into thin slices with a sharp knife. After cutting, take 3 pints of cold water to every 2 pints of fruit. Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and let it stand over night, then add 3 pints of sugar to each 2 pints of fruit mixture. Cook for half hour.

Quince Honey

(Mrs. Harry Fitting.)

3 pounds of granulated sugar.

1 pint of water.

Alum size of a pea.

Let it come to a boil, then add three grated quinces and boil 15 or 20 minutes.

Spiced Cantaloupe

(Mrs. John Y. Boyd.)

Pare the fruit and slice, boil tender and press out fruit under a weight. For every 7 pounds of fruit, make a sirup of 3 pints of vinegar, 3 pounds of sugar. Boil until thick, then put into the sirup a quarter ounce each of cloves and mace, 1 ounce of cinnamon, all whole, and return cantaloupe into sirup and boil until done.

Spiced Grapes

(Mrs. E. M. Mulock.)

7 pounds of Concord grapes.

1 pint of vinegar.

1 tablespoon of cinnamon.

1½ tablespoon of cloves.

1 nutmeg ground.

3½ pounds of granulated sugar.

Pulp grapes, put skins in one kettle and pulp in another. When pulp is tender, pass through the colander to free from seeds. Prepare sirup by mixing all ingredients given above. When skins are cooked, mix all together and boil 10 minutes, stirring at intervals.

Spiced Pears

(Miss Martha K. Rutherford.)

- 7 pounds of pears.
- 4 pounds of sugar.
- $\frac{2}{3}$ of a pint of vinegar.
- 3 sticks of cinnamon.
- 14 cloves.
- 4 blades of mace.

Make a sirup of sugar and vinegar and cook fruit in it for an hour. Add spices and boil half an hour longer. Remove fruit and boil sirup 15 minutes. Pour over pears and seal while hot.

Strawberry Preserves

- 2 pounds of berries.
- 2 pounds of sugar.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water.

Cook a sirup of sugar and water until it comes to a boil, put in fruit, boil 15 minutes, then pour into platters and set in the sun to thicken.

Strawberry and Pineapple Marmalade

(Mrs. Darwin F. Pickard.)

- 2 boxes of berries.
- 1 good-sized pineapple.
- Same weight of sugar.

Mash the berries and chop the pineapples. Boil as for jam.

FOR WRITTEN RECIPES

X

CANDIES

Chocolate Eggs

(Miss Eva Kunkel.)

1 whole cocoanut grated or 2 packs of prepared cocoanut.

2½ pounds of pulverized sugar.

Mould into shape and dip in melted chocolate with a little paraffine added. If prepared cocoanut is used, moisten it with 2 tablespoons of cream before mixing.

Fudge

(Miss Caroline Smallwood.)

2 cups of sugar.

1 cup of milk.

¼ bar of Hershey's chocolate.

Butter size of an egg.

1 teaspoon of vanilla.

Cook until it grains, then take off the fire, beat briskly and pour in well buttered pans.

Fudge

(Miss Matilda Elder.)

Cook 3 cups of sugar, 1 cup of milk and 1 tablespoon of butter. When sugar is melted, add 4 or 5 tablespoons of Hershey's cocoa. Stir and boil 15 minutes. Take from fire, add 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Beat until creamy.

Fondant

(Miss Inda H. Kauffman.)

1 pound of granulated sugar.

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup of water.

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of cream tartar.

Put the sugar and water in a saucepan over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved. When the mixture begins to boil, add the cream of tartar; wipe down the sides of the pan with a damp cloth, and boil continuously until it will form a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Take from the fire and let it cool. When cold, add any desired flavoring and stir until it becomes creamy; then knead and work with the fingers for several minutes. Make the cream into small round flakes and stand on oiled paper to become firm.

To coat them:—Have unsweetened chocolate melted in a double boiler, drop them in a few at a time, removing with a fork. Put in a cool place to harden.

Chocolate Caramels

(Miss Inda H. Kauffman.)

2 cups of brown sugar.

1 cup of molasses.

1 cup of milk or cream.

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound of Hershey's chocolate.

Butter the size of an egg.

Stir all the ingredients together and boil slowly until the mixture cracks in cold water. Pour on flat tins; when nearly cold mark off into small squares.

Sea Foam

(Mrs. J. S. Rose.)

3 cups of brown sugar.

1 tablespoon of vinegar.

1 cup of water.

Boil until hard when dropped in water. Pour slowly into the beaten whites of two eggs and beat until stiff. Drop on a buttered plate.

Turkish Delight

(Miss Isabella Rutherford.)

Bring to a boil 1 quart of granulated sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold water and add 1 ounce of gelatine dissolved in one cup of boiling water. Boil 15 minutes very slowly. Add small quantity of green fruit coloring and six drops of oil of peppermint. Pour into buttered tins and let it stand over night. Turn out on a sugared pie board. Cut with scissors and roll squares in powdered sugar.

White Taffy

(Mrs. J. A. Rose.)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of vinegar.

2 cups of soft A sugar.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of water.

Boil all ingredients until the taffy cracks in cold water. Pour into buttered pan and, when slightly cool, pull.

Butter Scotch

1 cup of New Orleans molasses.

1 cup of granulated sugar.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter.

Boil all together until it hardens in water, stirring constantly. Pour in thin sheets.

Cocoanut Caramels

$1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of white sugar.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of grated cocoanut.

Boil sugar and small half-cup of milk 10 minutes. Add cocoanut and boil 10 minutes longer. Stir constantly.

Marshmallows

(Mrs. Joshua Rutherford.)

$\frac{1}{2}$ box of gelatine.

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of granulated sugar.

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of water.

1 teaspoon of vanilla.

Boil sugar and water until it spins a thread. Dissolve gelatine in a little cold water. Pour sirup into gelatine, add vanilla, and beat 30 minutes. Pour on slab or plate, well covered with confectioner's sugar. Cut into squares when cold.

Peanut Brittle

1 cup of granulated sugar.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped nuts.

Melt the sugar in an iron pan, stirring all the time. Add nuts and quickly pour into buttered pan.

FOR WRITTEN RECIPES

XI

MISCELLANEOUS

Chicken Soup

(Mrs. James A. Rutherford.)

Remove fat from 1 quart of water in which chicken has been boiled. Season highly with pepper, salt, celery salt and a little onion juice. Put on fire to simmer. Mash yolks of 3 hard-boiled eggs, and mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of dry bread or cracker crumbs soaked soft in milk. Chop whites of eggs fine and mix with the bread paste. Add 1 pint of hot cream slowly. Rub all in the hot chicken liquor and boil 3 minutes. Add a little finely-chopped parsley to each serving.

Clam Broth

(Mrs. Francis W. Rutherford.)

1 pint of cold water.

$\frac{1}{2}$ dozen clams.

Scrub the clams well, put in the cold water on the stove, and as they heat they will open. With a knife scrape the clam from the shell. Remove the shells and simmer the clams 5 or 10 minutes, then strain through a cheese cloth. If the broth is too strong, add water to suit the taste. When ready to use, add a little butter, pepper and salt if needed.

Chocolate Frosting

(Mrs. David Martin.)

1 ounce of chocolate.
5 tablespoons of boiling water.
1 teaspoon of vanilla.
3 cups of sifted XXXX sugar.
A pinch of salt.
Beat all together gradually.

Custard Sauce or Filling for Cakes

(Mrs. Arthur Bailey.)

Bring 1 pint of milk to boiling point in a double boiler. Moisten 2 tablespoons of corn starch and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of white sugar with a little of the cold milk. Add to this the yolks of 3 eggs. Mix thoroughly and add to the boiling milk. Stir constantly until it is thick. Remove from the fire and add 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Spread between the layers of cakes when cold. This is especially nice for sponge cake.

Filling for Cake

(Mrs. Kochenderfer.)

1 cup of thick sour cream.
1 cup of sugar.
1 cup of hickory nuts.
Stir all together and boil 5 minutes.

Boiled Icing

(Mrs. Matthew B. Elder.)

1 egg (white).
1 cup of sugar (granulated).
4 tablespoons of water.

Boil sugar and water together, until it spins a thread, then pour slowly on the beaten egg and beat until thick enough to spread. Flavor with a few drops of vanilla.

Grape Juice

(Miss Margaret Brown Rutherford.)

To 5 pounds of grapes (stemmed) take 1 quart of water. Put them in a preserving kettle, mashing grapes slightly. Bring to a boil and drain juice. Add 1 pound of sugar, boil 1 minute and seal immediately.

Omelet

(Mrs. Edgar Martin.)

4 eggs.

1 small cup of bread crumbs.

1 scant cup of milk.

1 tablespoon of butter.

Salt, pepper and parsley.

Put milk on to heat, add butter. Remove from stove, add bread crumbs and well-beaten yolks, salt and pepper. Beat whites and add $\frac{2}{3}$ of them to mixture. Cook slowly in buttered pan, cover with the remaining third of white of egg and tiny bits of parsley. When done, fold over the half and serve. A covered pan aids in the making.

Sandwich Fillings

The secret of good sandwiches is a close, firm bread not so fresh as to cut badly, a sharp knife for thin slicing, and sweet butter. Cut the bread

first and lay in neat piles, then butter two slices on opposite sides and place together—the butter should be soft to spread easily. Have your fillings prepared, spread evenly on one side of the sandwich, replace the top layer, cut off the crusts and shape as desired. White, rye or brown bread may be used. Wrap sandwiches in moist cloth until ready to use.

FILLINGS

1. Three hard-boiled eggs and a slice of onion run through a meat grinder. Season with salt and enough mayonnaise to spread.

2. One pound of cream cheese, 1 can of Spanish sweet peppers, 1 tablespoon of vinegar, 1 tablespoon of melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, dash of red pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce and a few drops of tabasco sauce. Grind cheese and peppers through a grinder.

3. Six sweet peppers, 1 bottle of stuffed olives (25-cent size). Chop fine, squeeze dry, mix with mayonnaise dressing.

4. Three Bermuda onions chopped fine, a pint of highly seasoned mayonnaise. Press juice from the onions through a cloth. This quantity will make about 80 sandwiches.

5. Chopped cucumbers, cream cheese and a little onion juice mixed with mayonnaise.

6. Snappy and Philadelphia cream cheese made to a paste with French dressing. Chopped olives or pimentos may be added.

7. Chopped lettuce and bits of very crisp bacon mingled with mayonnaise.

8. Any cold meat or fowl run through the grinder until very fine. Season highly with black pepper, paprica and salt, a little onion juice and mix to a paste with rich cream.

9. Any cold fish, crab, lobster or salmon mixed with cream or snappy cheese and a highly seasoned mayonnaise.

10. Bar-le-duc, orange or grapefruit marmalade, or spiced fruits, mixed with Philadelphia cream cheese.

11. Sardines, mixed to a paste with crushed yolk of hard-boiled eggs and French dressing, rather strong with lemon juice.

12. Stuffed olives, lettuce, tomato aspic and a cucumber. Chop fine and mix with mayonnaise.

Cranberry Sauce

Pick and wash 1 quart of cranberries, add $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of boiling water. Cook until the berries are soft. Strain through a fine sieve or vegetable press. Return to the kettle and add 15 ounces of granulated sugar, and cook 3 minutes after coming to a boil. Pour into a mould previously moistened with cold water.

Welsh Rarebit

(Mrs. Edwin M. Mulock.)

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of American cheese.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cream.

2 eggs.

1 tablespoon of butter.

Salt and pepper.

Cut cheese in small pieces and put in chafing

dish, stir until it boils. As soon as it begins to melt add butter. When smooth add the eggs lightly beaten, then cream. Stir constantly and cook until very smooth. Season with salt, pepper, a dash of cayenne and a drop or two of tabasco sauce. Pour on buttered toast or crackers.

Cheese Souffle

(Mrs. A. P. L. Dull.)

1 cup of grated cheese (American).

1/2 cup of milk.

3 eggs.

1/2 teaspoon of salt.

2 tablespoons of butter.

1 heaped tablespoon of flour.

A dash of cayenne.

Grate the cheese. Beat yolks and set aside the whites until needed. Melt the butter in a sauce pan, then stir in the flour until smooth, but do not let it brown. Stirring constantly, add the milk slowly and season with salt and cayenne. Remove from fire and add the beaten yolks of eggs and the grated cheese. Replace on fire and stir until the cheese is melted and smooth. Do not cook too long or the butter will separate. Pour on a buttered dish and set away to cool. When ready to use stir in lightly the whites of eggs beaten very stiff. Put in a pudding dish and bake in a hot oven 20 minutes or more. Serve immediately. Never more a soufflé until it has been cooking 15 minutes nor open the oven door for 10 minutes.

FOR WRITTEN RECIPES

XII

FOR FAMILY EMERGENCIES

The rules given here for different family emergencies have all stood long years of testing and may be relied upon to do just what they claim. Most of them have the added advantage that they can be compounded at home at small cost.

Cleansing Fluid

(Mrs. Joshua Rutherford.)

2 ounces of castile soap.

2 ounces of liquid ammonia.

$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of sulphuric ether.

$\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of alcohol.

Cut soap very fine, pour on it 1 pint of boiling water. When dissolved add 2 quarts of water and other ingredients. Keep tightly corked. Shake well before using.

Carpet Cleaning Fluid

(Mrs. J. Q. A. Rutherford.)

2 gallons of water.

1 cake of Ivory soap.

2 ounces of borax.

3 ounces of washing soda.

Shave soap and add all other ingredients. Set on stove until dissolved. Put on carpet as hot as possible, using a scrubbing brush. Rub with a dry cloth. Do not rinse.

Household Paste

(Miss Mary B. Rutherford.)

1 pint of flour.

$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon of powdered alum.

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oil of sassafras.

Mix flour, alum and oil together with a cup of cold water, stirring until smooth. Then pour in 3 pints of boiling water, stirring all the time. Boil up once, remove from fire and put in jars. When finished it should be a little thicker than boiled starch. This amount makes about 3 quarts. It keeps indefinitely.

Liniment for Sprains

(Miss Isabella Rutherford.)

1 cup of vinegar, 1 tablespoon of turpentine and the white of 1 egg shaken together. Rub in well or bind on with a cloth.

Preserving Eggs

(Miss Eleanor G. Rutherford.)

1 pint of salt, 1 pint of slacked lime, 3 gallons of water. Mix and let it stand over night, then put in eggs. This amount covers 10 dozen eggs.

To Relieve Whooping Cough

(Mrs. Thomas L. Wallace.)

Over a handful of hops pour a quart of cold water and let it simmer down to a pint. Strain and add half a pound of brown sugar. Let it barely come to a boil. After taking from the fire add $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce (five cents' worth) of Antimonial wine. Bottle and keep in a cold place.

Take one teaspoon of it after each coughing spell, give a baby half a teaspoon.

This remedy has been used repeatedly, always with excellent results. It has been tried successfully on several infants under six months old. It causes the patient to throw off the mucus, when coughing, without strangling, and quickly lessens the duration and frequency of the coughing spells. It will not injure the most delicate stomach.

Household Helps

1. A loose leaf note book is convenient to copy recipes. It makes classification easy and lies flat when open.

2. To remove wrinkles from woolen clothing hang out of doors on a damp, but not rainy, day. Dry indoors.

3. One of the best polishes for old mahogany is made from 1 tablespoon of olive oil and 1 teaspoon of vinegar. Apply with a piece of flannel or soft silk, and polish with fresh flannel or a regular weighted polisher.

4. A spatula is a much more convenient cooking utensil than a knife. Covered porcelain bowls in all sizes can be had for ten or fifteen cents and are invaluable for keeping things in a refrigerator. Never be without a frying basket. Use your meat chopper for making bread crumbs and getting ready the ingredients for chow-chow, if you would save time.

5. A good polish for stained floors is a mixture of $\frac{1}{3}$ of linseed oil and $\frac{2}{3}$ of benzine. Rub on

with flannel and dry with clean soft cheesecloth or flannel.

6. Before whitewashing the cellar mix 2 ounces of carbolic acid in each bucket of slaked lime. This is an admirable disinfectant.

7. Marble tiles in the vestibule can be kept nice by rubbing with fine pumice stone. When dry, wash in clear water, then rub carefully a little linseed oil over the black squares. Polish with flannel.

8. For the blue blur on mahogany wipe the surface with fresh cold water. Dry instantly and rub hard with cheesecloth moistened in a little oil polish. Give a final polish with dry cheesecloth.

9. An inch wide strip of wood nailed to two transverse strips makes a convenient rack for lids to pots and pans that accumulate in the closet. The cross strips should be just long enough to catch the handle firmly.

10. The life of a broom is prolonged if it is hung. An attachment can be bought for ten cents, with a catch for the broom and a hook beneath for the dust pan and brush.

11. Keep the ironing board neatly behind the laundry door by means of a doubled rope long enough to encircle the board and fasten in a loop on a hook placed at a convenient height on the door jam.

12. A small bottle of pure alcohol kept on the bathroom shelf will be in constant use to remove spots on clothing. Grease spots should first be ironed under heavy brown paper, then covered with magnesia or French chalk.

Cleaning Gloves at Home

Kid gloves, suede and glazed, may be cleaned at home as well as by the professional if one takes pains. Immerse the gloves in pure gasoline, then put them on the hands or a wooden form and rub with white castile or Ivory soap, just as if washing the hands. Rub the seams with a piece of flannel. Repeat in several gasolines, then rinse in pure gasoline, rub with a fresh flannel, pull into shape and hang in the sun to dry.

After the gasoline has evaporated the gloves may be hung near the heat to remove the odor quickly. Never use gasoline near a flame, as it is highly explosive.

Chamois or doe skin gloves should be washed in luke warm soap suds of any good white soap, rinsed in soapy water, pulled lightly into shape and hung in the sun, fingers down, to dry. When dry, rub slightly to soften the skin. Never use hot water or any unsoaped water even for rinsing.

For the Home Nurse

1. Equal parts of linseed oil and lime water are excellent for burns. For slight ones use baking soda covered by a wet cloth.

2. Swallowing a raw egg will often carry down a fish bone that has lodged in the throat, and a bad strangling fit may be helped by swallowing immediately the unbeaten white of egg.

3. Application of pure turpentine is a heroic but effectual disinfectant of open cuts or sores.

4. Gargling the throat with ice water will often help bad hiccoughs.

5. Dust a sickroom with a damp cloth or one of the prepared dusters and sweep with a wet cloth over broom. The flying particles of dust are bad for the patient.

6. Have a different shaped bottle for all poisons—medicine or disinfectants. An octagonal bottle is easily distinguished even in the dark. A small bell tied around the neck of an ordinary shaped poison bottle is a safeguard.

7. An inexpensive mouth wash for the fever patient is equal parts of lemon juice, glycerine and water. Also good, is a wash made from $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of tincture of myrrh in a half-glass of water.

8. Only partially fill the hot water bottle or ice cap, then twist it to squeeze out air before adjusting the screw. Place a piece of flannel between the cap or bottle and the patient to prevent freezing or burns.

9. Always rub toward the heart to promote good circulation. A coarse cloth wrung from strong salt water and allowed to dry is stimulating and strengthening for a gentle rubbing.

10. Make a mustard plaster $\frac{1}{3}$ flour and $\frac{2}{3}$ mustard. Mix with tepid water, as hot water destroys the properties of the mustard. When all mustard is used mix with the white of an egg to lessen danger of burning. Do not have the plaster watery. Spread on muslin and cover with a larger piece to turn over edges. Keep on

about half an hour—watch for signs of reddening—and grease the surface with vaseline later.

11. A nourishing, refreshing drink when the patient cannot retain food is made from the white of an egg—unbeaten—two tablespoons of orange juice and half glass of water. Shake well, then pour over a glass of cracked ice. To conceal the presence of white of egg from the patient, never beat it, but put it in a bottle along with the liquid and shake hard.

12. To change the under sheet on a sick bed roll it from the far side of the bed close to the patient. The clean sheet, previously rolled, is then unrolled over the uncovered part of bed until the clean sheet lies beside the soiled one. Turn the patient back on the clean part, remove the old sheet and spread the clean one into place.

Renovating Furniture at Home

Nearly every family has some discarded piece of furniture too shabby to use, yet by reason of its lines or grain of wood well worth doing over. Unfortunately this renovating is not cheap; but, happily, it can easily be done at home if a woman has patience.

Paint the section of furniture to be cleaned off with a varnish remover—Adelite is especially good—and let it remain on ten minutes.

Supply yourself with a ten-cent scraper with a wooden handle and a steel blade, and at the end of the ten minutes scrape off the loosened varnish, working with the grain of the wood and being careful not to cut into the fibre. Several

applications and scrapings may be necessary, as some old furniture has many coats of varnish, one on top of the other, until the wood is practically disguised.

After the scraping, wash the wood with denatured alcohol or gasoline—never use the last near a flame—then sandpaper with No. 1½ paper.

The furniture is now ready for the oiling. Mix equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine and rub in two coats. Let each coat dry from 10 to 24 hours.

For any piece of furniture save a dining-room table it is well to use a very light coat of varnish. This must be carefully done or your work is ruined. Put just as little as possible on the brush and give a light, quick stroke across the surface in one way and then another in the opposite direction. Use so little varnish that you feel doubtful if it will cover the surface.

The varnish brush costs 25 cents, is flat and two inches across. An ordinary stiff scrubbing brush is the best thing to use on a carved surface to remove the Adelite.

A dining-room table which scars easily requires a slightly different treatment. Omit the varnish. After the sandpapering has been finished rub on the oil with a soft cloth, then rub it down thoroughly with a piece of Brussels carpet placed on a wooden block.

After one or two oilings and rubbings the table gets a wonderful polish and nothing will scar it. It is easy to keep in condition by repeating these oilings whenever it gets a little blurred

and by rubbing it well with the polisher when the crumbs are brushed off after each meal or, at least, once a day. This is a far better treatment than to use even the thinnest coat of varnish which a hot dish will mar. "With the oil finish," declares one young woman who has "done over" all her ancestral furniture herself, "you can even set the kitchen stove on your table and it will not scar."

Sometimes mahogany has a too high finish that is very ugly. To overcome it dip a rough cloth first in linseed oil then in powdered pumice and rub very carefully over the shiny surface. This needs delicate handling, or one may cut through the varnish. Wipe off with waste, and you will have the lovely satin finish seen on old furniture. Burlap can be used for the cloth, or any fabric with a roughish surface. The powdered pumice costs six cents a pound.

The chief trouble with renovating furniture at home is the hard work it entails. Do it gradually. Rub off the varnish, for instance, on but a small section at a time, as a single drawer in bureau or high-boy. Work to the point of fatigue and your enthusiasm will not last for more than one piece—with strong probability of sending that half finished to a re-finisher of antiques.

For the Definite Cook

The inexperienced cook is often much tried by the indefinite information given her by the "born cook" when a recipe is asked for. The following comparisons may help her out:

- A common kitchen coffee cup is the standard.
A cup, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint (liquids).
A cup (rounded), $\frac{1}{2}$ pound.
1 pint of sugar or butter, ...1 pound.
1 quart of sifted flour,1 pound.
2 cups (packed solid),1 pound of butter.
4 level cups of flour,1 pound or 1 quart.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound.
1 cup,14 tablespoons.
3 teaspoons (solids),1 tablespoon.
4 teaspoons (liquids),1 tablespoon.
4 tablespoons,1 wineglass.
1 heaping tablespoon of butter,2 ounces.
2 rounded tablespoons flour, coffee, sugar,1 ounce.
2 tablespoons of liquid,1 ounce.
1 teaspoon of soda, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce.
1 teaspoon of liquid, or 30 drops, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce.
1 piece of butter size of an egg,1 ounce.
A pinch of salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon.
A dash of pepper (black or white), $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon.
A pinch of cayenne, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon.
9 large or 10 medium eggs, ..1 pound.

FOR WRITTEN RECIPES

To Wax a Hardwood Floor

(Miss Lucy Hayes.)

A hardwood floor that is kept in good condition by being wiped off daily with a soft cloth should not be waxed more than once a year, as the process is very hard on the wood. If it wears badly, however, the waxing may be done oftener.

An excellent waxing preparation is made from beeswax, turpentine and rosin. To make a gallon of the liquid, shave very fine about two pounds of beeswax and cover with the turpentine, then add 2 ounces of rosin.

Melt all together. When cold it should feel like lard. If too thin, add more wax, and use more turpentine if the mixture is too thick.

The wax may be put on the floor with a cloth, but a bunch of waste, which can be bought at a hardware store, is better. Apply as if greasing the floor. Rub very hard. The polishing can be done with the waste, but a regular waxing brush is preferable.

Never use water on a waxed floor. It is easy to keep in condition if one rubs it hard, that is "give it plenty of elbow grease," as the saying goes.

XIII

PROFITABLE POULTRY KEEPING

(Mrs. John H. Schuster.)

Much attention is being paid to the question of profitable poultry keeping. It is now a well established fact that there is money in all branches of the poultry business, but only the energetic and persevering need think of winning much success.

One of the first principles to remember is to start with good stock.

It has been stated that \$1.00 pays for the feed of one hen for one year. This is too low an estimate for yarded fowls. For the year 1912, with feed at the following prices:

Dry mash,	\$2.20 per 100 lbs.
Wheat,	1.15 per bushel
Corn,90 per bushel
Oats,65 per bushel
Straw for litter in coops,80 per bushel

the average cost of a laying hen was \$1.41 by actual test. By exercising great care this rate could be reduced. The above was the estimate for a flock of Brown and White Leghorns. No matter how poor a layer a hen is, one fact is assured: she will lay enough eggs during the year to pay for her feed.

A few general principles to be remembered are:

1. To keep grit, charcoal and oyster shell constantly before the fowls.

2. To clean the roosts daily.

3. To spray roosts and coops frequently.

“An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure” is a fine maxim to keep in mind. Clean, dry and well ventilated houses are almost a sure preventive of disease among fowls.

The following formulas have proven very satisfactory:

Dry Mash

12 pounds alfalfa.

12 pounds corn chop.

12 pounds wheat middlings.

12 pounds beef scrap.

12 pounds wheat bran.

12 pounds gluten meal.

12 pounds ground bone.

6 pounds linseed meal.

6 pounds pulverized charcoal.

2 pounds Pratt's Poultry Powder.

3 tablespoons of red pepper.

6 tablespoons of table salt.

To be placed in hoppers and kept before the chickens all the time.

Program for a Day's Feed in Winter

Take a quantity of oats—about 3 pints for 100 hens—cover with hot water and place on back of kitchen range over night. In the morning add enough of the dry mash to make a crumbly

mixture. Feed about 7 A. M. in the troughs. The mixture should be warm but not scalding.

9 A. M.—Scratch feed scattered in litter—about $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of grain to each hen.

10.30 A. M.—Green food cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch lengths.

Noon.—Same as 9 o'clock feed.

2 P. M.—Light feed of sprouted oats.

4 P. M.—Grain fed in troughs. More than enough for each pen of fowls. This last feeding is to insure full crops for the night. After fowls have gone to roost gather up grain that remains.

During the summer omit warm mash. Feed instead oats soaked over night. Give the last feed an hour before sundown.

To Sprout Oats

Soak the quantity of oats needed about 10 hours, drain and empty into a long shallow box in the bottom of which holes have been bored to permit drainage. Keep box in warm place. Sprinkle and turn oats every night and morning. Feed as soon as sprouts are $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long. Start fresh quantity each day.

Lice Powder

5 pounds of sulphur.

5 pounds of naphthaline flakes.

25 pounds of wheat middlings.

Rub well into the feathers. Common road dust may be used instead of middlings.

POULTRY NOTES

Liquid Lice Killer

2 pounds of sulphur.

2 pounds of naphthaline flakes.

Place in bucket and fill with kerosene. Stir, then let it settle, and afterwards pour off clear oil into another bucket. Spray coops and roosts every week during the summer and once a month in winter.

Roup Preventive

Enough permanganate of potash placed in drinking water each day to make water slightly pink. Continue during the fall and the early winter months.

XIV

PLANNING THE COUNTRY GARDEN

(Told by Miss Lizzie Rutherford, Aged Eighty Years.)

Often I am asked, "Please tell me how to have a garden like yours? Everything grows for you and you never seem to have failures?" My answer is: "I love flowers and am not afraid of hard work. Only last fall I planted over a thousand bulbs myself and there was scarcely a day last summer that I did not weed among my posies."

Unless you are fond of flowers and willing to work hard to have them, DON'T plant a garden. Given those two traits, have one if it be but the size of a pocket handkerchief.

Do not fear the cost. My garden, measuring about 60x120 feet, averages about \$10 a year for labor. I have a man to dig, weed and prepare the ground in the spring and cover the plants with manure each fall, and occasionally I have a woman to help weed. With the small yard, which is what most women will own, this cost is much reduced.

The amount spent depends upon the individual. A garden grown from seed is very inexpensive, while experienced gardener friends are usually delighted to donate cuttings and divided roots to the beginner. I suppose I average from \$5 to \$10 a year on the plants I buy.

Fertilizing

The first essential to a successful garden is fertilizing the ground. The best fertilizer is well rotted cow manure. This is easily obtained in a farming district, but if it must be bought costs about \$1.00 a load. I cover the ground in the fall and dig it in, with more in addition, in early spring. All my deep digging and making of beds I do in the fall. If a new bed is to be made I usually dig it, at least, two and a half feet deep. I allow about six inches spread over the surface and then dug in. Bone meal is another good fertilizer and more easily handled if a woman is working her own garden. It costs five cents a pound and about ten to fifteen pounds should be used on a small garden. Put on about like sowing seed. Many consider pulverized sheep manure gives better results. It costs the same per pound as bone, but goes farther and can be used more freely, as it does not burn. Use bone meal instead of manure in making up bulb beds, as unless the manure is very old and dry it rots the bulbs.

Planting for Succession

The secret of a good garden, big or small, is to always have something in bloom, so plant for succession. Any good book on gardening will give you times of blooms for each plant, but I shall tell just the things I have tested and found successful.

The Spring Bulbs

The first plants to flower in the spring are the bulbs and they must be planted in the fall by early November, preferably in mid-October. Certain bulbs, like some of the lilies which cannot be obtained until December, must have the ground kept soft for them by covering with litter.

I spade the ground each fall, before planting, to the depth of eighteen inches, throwing out the earth and mixing it with fertilizer. Last year this was bone meal. Remember: No fresh manure for bulbs.

I use chiefly tulips and narcissi. I have some hyacinths, but they are expensive and peter out in a few years. Even the tulips are more trouble than the narcissi. These vary in cost. The mixed bulbs are always cheaper, and, if bought from a good firm, very reliable; they cost often as little as twenty-five cents a dozen. For some of the fine-named hyacinths I paid \$1.50 a dozen, and then lost them after one year's bloom. Good narcissi can be had for thirty-five cents a dozen and tulips for thirty cents.

Planting

Tulips, 5 inches deep, 5 inches apart. Lift every four years.

Hyacinths, 6 inches deep, 6 inches apart. Lift each year.

Narcissi, 6 inches deep, 6 inches apart. Lift every six years, if crowded.

Before hard freezing cover the bulb beds with old manure or litter for winter protection.

Lift the bulbs after the foliage has yellowed after bloom and spread on a floor on newspapers. Let the top dry off. I put my bulbs in a dry attic for the summer. Do not use the cellar if damp. I put each variety in a paper bag, marking plainly its name and color.

Here are some varieties I have found good:

TULIPS

Early.—Kaiser Kroon—yellow and red, very showy.

May flowering.—Darwins: Clara Butt, mixed.

Cottage.—Gesneriana Major, scarlet; Golden Beauty, yellow, very good; Bouton d'Or, yellow, especially lovely; Inglescomb, pink; Isabella, white shaded with pink; Picotee, pure white, margin of rose pink.

NARCISSI

Emperor, yellow and primrose; Empress, white and yellow; Golden Spur, rich deep yellow, very handsome and free bloomer; Poeticus, snow white, with orange red cup.

HYACINTHS

Mixed varieties, single and double.

Iris

Among the next flowers to bloom are the iris; from early May into June. There are various kinds of iris, but I use the German types almost entirely, though I have a few Spanish ones,

which grow from bulbs, not roots, and are treated like tulips.

German iris is an excellent flower for the novice, as it thrives in almost any ordinary soil and needs little care. It likes sun and not too much moisture, as it rots where water stands. The iris is so easy to grow that I have thrown roots out, let them lie on the ground several days before replanting, and they did splendidly that same season. The iris makes a fine hedge. We have one between the house and barn, just by the road, to which nothing is done, not even watered, yet it is a mass of bloom each spring.

Set iris three feet apart and not more than two inches below the surface. Plants are dormant in August and September and may be safely planted then, but can be put out quite as safely in April.

Peonies

Next in succession come the peonies, which bloom in latter part of May and June. These plants cost something in the start, but when once established last for years and are most satisfying. Plant in the fall, preferably in September, set two and a half feet apart and only deep enough that the little red flower bulbs on the roots are not more than three inches below the surface.

Cover the plants with manure for winter. It is a good plan to work in a little bone dust around them, as peonies like plenty of feeding. Do not take them up unless they cease to bloom.

Ours have grown on one spot for twenty-five years.

Among my most satisfactory peonies are:

	Cost
Edulis Superba, pink,	\$0 35
Floral Treasure, pale lilac,	50
Festiva Maxima, finest white peony,	60
Felix Crousse, dark red,	60

For twenty-five cents one can get some beautiful varieties, such as Zoe Calot, pure white with patches of rose, and Chrysantheaflora Rosea, a deep rose pink, the earliest to bloom.

Columbine

About the time of the iris or from May to first week of June, come the columbines. Sow the seed in the last of April. This grows easily, and if the seed is allowed to mature and the ground is not disturbed it sows itself from year to year. The flowers from this self-sowing may possibly be another shade. Always buy the best seed. Once I got a bargain package and they never came up. Among the good columbines is Helena, blue and white. Californica Hybrida is one of the finest mixtures. These flowers should grow in any ordinary garden soil.

Gaillardia

These showy flowers are easy to raise, bloom from July until frost and are nice to cut. They are grown from seed sown in April and will seed themselves if the flowers are not cut off when finished blooming.

Three Perennials for Midsummer Bloom

Other good perennials that give bloom during July and August are *Lychnis*, or London Pride, very easy to grow and very bright and attractive. I sow the seed in a little seed bed and transplant where I wish them to grow; *Platycodon*, blue and white; this sows itself, but I always pick the seed when ripe and resow; and Golden Glow. Everyone knows this last plant, with its brilliant orange flowers and rapid growth. I throw half of mine away each fall, or it would overrun the garden. Sometimes it gets covered thickly with little red insects. I wipe them off the stems and spray with the Paris-green solution. *Valerian* is a pretty, old-fashioned white flower which blooms for me from June to frost. I am never without it.

Foxgloves

This is another favorite and easy to grow, if you understand that it is a biennial and only lives two years. I sow in the seed bed in August or September, transplant when the seedlings are a few inches high and set where you wish them to grow. They are very pretty when planted among the peony beds. They need a slight winter protection of litter. I start more each year, thus keeping up the stock.

Hardy Phlox

The queen of the summer garden is the hardy phlox, provided you keep out the ugly purple tones. They will grow in almost any kind of

soil and flower freely for many years without very much attention, but, like everything else, do better if pampered a little. They bloom from early July until killed by frost, if the heads are cut down as soon as they have finished flowering. I take up my plants and divide them once in every four years. This replanting is best done between the first and middle of October. Miss Lingard, white, and Elizabeth Campbell, deep salmon pink, are especially good varieties.

Fall Anemone

This beautiful flower of autumn is too little grown, because most people do not understand it. It is very easy to raise when once started. From one small stock planted in a corner I now have a large bed. Most of mine are white, but I have had good success with the semi-double pink variety. Cover with manure in the fall and work in a little in the spring. They bloom from August to frost.

Gladioli

Gladioli are troublesome, as they must be taken up each year and kept over winter, but they are so showy in the garden and so fine to cut that I am never without them. They should be planted in beds by themselves or among the border from April 15 to June 15. Put in the smaller bulbs first and the bigger later, and set four inches apart and five inches deep. Never plant two years in succession in the same bed.

Take up the bulbs the latter part of October,

dry off, pack the special varieties in marked paper bags and keep in a warm cellar.

The Annuals

Some people affect to despise annuals these days, but I couldn't get along without them; they are splendid for quick growth in a country garden. I always have the soil in my beds fine for sowing my seed, then follow carefully the directions given on each package. After the seed is in I take a flat board and firm the soil.

Annuals are especially good to fill up bare places where the bulbs and early vegetables have finished growing. I cover my bulb beds with petunias and portulacca. They do better on the tulip beds than on narcissi, as tulip foliage dies sooner. I plant the seed between the rows and weed out and transplant to the right distance apart, about eight inches.

I sow the marigolds, African and French, in a seed bed and after the vegetables are over put them in the beds where the peas were. I use asters in the same way, but also give them beds to themselves because I grow plenty of asters. They are not hard to raise if you do not put them two years running in the same spot. Watch for the aster beetle and at the first sight spray the plants with a teaspoon of Paris-green mixed in six quarts of water. Stronger than that will burn the plants. Use a fine nozzle for spraying. Wood ashes scattered on the ground are very good for asters.

Then I have plenty of cosmos for a late fall

GARDENING NOTES

flower. It is not hard to grow but troublesome to stake, and the later varieties are almost sure to be caught by frost.

Scarlet sage is a bright, cheerful flower in the garden in late fall, and I always have some of it. I usually keep it off by itself; it kills the other colors. It is easy to raise and will sow itself and come up where it falls.

Snapdragon I plant every year, as it is one of my favorites. If sown early in the spring, it will bloom from July to frost. It transplants easily. I use the Giant snapdragons entirely. Some of the other sorts will seed themselves.

Cornflowers and hollyhocks and poppies will sow themselves for me, and I never save the seed. Poppies cannot be transplanted and must grow where they are sown. The Oriental poppy is a perennial that is very hardy and will grow among the grass. It blooms early, dies down, the foliage all disappears, then in the fall shows itself a little.

Four-o'clocks and zinnias are two splendid, easily grown annuals that can be sown early in the spring and will bloom until frost, when once started in July. The four-o'clocks sow themselves, and are lovely when grown in masses to cover a bare space, or for a hedge.

Mignonette and sweet alyssum are two annuals that no country garden should be without. Sweet alyssum sows itself, but occasionally I sow a new package of it if mine appears to be running out. Little Gem is a good variety. My mignonette I sow each year, just as early as it

seems safe. Sometimes it sows itself, but it cannot be relied upon. Goliath and Defiance are two splendid growers, though Defiance is possibly the better.

Watering

I make my flower beds about three feet wide, with little paths between, so they are easily handled. I have not many facilities for watering, can give only what I can carry. Where one has a hose, the problem is easy. When I do water, I soak everything thoroughly. This is only in a very dry spell. I always work the soil around my plants a great deal, however, as this keeps the moisture in. It is called mulching. I loosen the ground carefully with a hoe or weeder, coming within about an inch of the roots. I am sure to mulch after a rain, as the ground packs and dries out if you don't do this.

You see I say nothing of roses. I gave up growing them long ago, as they have too many insect enemies. Dahlias I do not raise either, as they are too much trouble, and need too much feeding and staking. Nasturtiums used to do very well for me, but I have not had luck with them for some years, due to a special insect that seems to affect them.

Start a garden, but do not be too ambitious the first season. Slow and sure is a good motto in flower raising as in everything else. Remember you must love flowers, keep down weeds, and mulch, or you will not have good luck.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2006

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 578 671 5

